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THINGS TEMPORAL AND THINGS ETERNAL.

BY REV. J. M. AUSTIN.

Original.

'While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen, are eternal.'

ST. PAUL.

THE apostle, in this language, directs our attention to a subject worthy the contemplation of the christian believer. He institutes a comparison between the things pertaining to this life, and those pertaining to the life to come—declaring that while the former are fleeting and perishable, the latter are immutable and endless. There would, at first sight, appear to be a contradiction in the words of Paul, in the declaration that 'we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen!' But the idea which the apostle evidently intended to convey, is divested of all contradiction when properly understood. It may be expressed in a paraphrase,—
'We look not to the things of this world for that permanent peace, that pure, serene, unalloyed happiness, which the soul eagerly craves, but we look to the things of a more perfect state of existence for those blessings. For the things of this world are temporal, fleeting; but the things of the immortal world, are eternal.' A few considerations will enable us to perceive the profound wisdom and the valuable instruction conveyed in this language of inspiration.

'The things which are seen, are temporal.'
How obviously true are these words! Early in life do we begin to perceive the corroboration which they receive from experience. The little child learns too soon the temporal, fleeting, uncertain nature of things here below. The whirling top, contemplated with so much delight as it spins upon its minute point—the tiny trumpet, blown with that martial, pompous air which betokens, perhaps, the future warrior—the lofty-

flying kite, frail, but perfect emblem of man's soaring ambition, and of its many and sudden downfalls—these, as they are destroyed by accident or wear out in use, send the cold thrill of disappointment to the young heart of their owner, and become the first lesson in that painful experience which proves the temporal nature of all earthly things. The sweet-scented flower, watered and guarded with so much care and watchfulness, is seared by the frost, or prostrated by the sweeping blast—the beautiful bird, made a prisoner by love, and caressed with delight, hushes its blithe song, and droops and dies—the innocent pet lamb, which, with its childish mistress, has gambolled many happy hours upon the green and flowery grass-plot, is, perhaps, seized and torn by the cruel dogs, and lies bleeding and dying before her!—these to the artless girl, are flitting, yet sorrowful shadows, which presage the approach, in after-life, of more deep and enduring disappointments. In turning the eye of memory back through the long vista of years that have fled away, to the days of childhood, how vividly can we call up to recollection the many, many pangs of sorrow which have pervaded our hearts, as one after another of the objects of our early attachment have exhibited their temporal nature, their uncertainty, their inadequacy to bestow unalloyed happiness upon us. Childhood is thus the prototype of all after-life.

In youth and mature years, the lessons learned in childhood of the mutable nature of earthly things, are painfully confirmed. How often do friends in whom we have placed the utmost confidence prove false, and unworthy our regard! When rejoicing in the sunshine of prosperity, how often and how suddenly do adversity's black clouds overshadow us, causing dejection and gloom to prevail where recently all was brightness and joy! How often are the dearest and sweetest ties of our nature broken asunder by

the ruthless hand of death, and the objects of our tenderest affections consigned to the silence of the tomb! O, how evanescent is the happiness which earthly things afford! How quickly do the fountains of our most cherished enjoyments run dry! Go ask the aged sire, whose locks are whitened by the weight of years, to relate his testimony in regard to the things of this world. Harken to his reply:—‘Son—daughter, for four-score years have I toiled along the rugged path-way of life, and now, weary and faint, I am trembling upon the brink of the cold grave. Listen! I have tested the things of this state of existence; I have experienced all the pleasure they can impart, and have found them as empty as the floating bubble, and as fleeting as the morning cloud! Beneath the fairest flowers oft grow the sharpest thorns; and he who plucks the brightest lily, may find it but the hiding place for the poisonous asp! However beautiful the pathway of life may be painted by the youthful imagination, experience will reveal it as strewn with pit-falls and snares. All the enjoyments that the things of earth have imparted, have but left an aching void behind! And daily do I feel a deep and deeper thirsting within me, for that happiness which flows from the things which are eternal!’

Those who pursue the higher and sterner walks of life, discover there the same mutability that is experienced by those in the most humble condition. The ambitious warrior, the designing statesman, the eloquent orator, the learned author—all know, by bitter experience, that the trumpet of fame blows an uncertain sound, and that the laurel wreath of earthly glory may bloom upon the brow to-day, and fade, and wither, and die to-morrow. In vain is man’s effort to perpetuate those things which are in their very nature destructible. Life with all its glories, its honors and its riches, must cease—for this body is decaying and corruptible. Yea, the remembrance of us will finally become blotted from the records of man on earth. The statue is chiselled out in vain, in vain does the marble column rear its lofty head, in vain does the towering pyramid pierce the skies, to commemorate the prowess and glory of the great ones of earth! Time’s iron tooth eats into each and all, and alike they crumble into the common dust.

Oh, how perishable are the works of man! How vain and fleeting the most magnificent and enduring of the structures reared and embellished

by his power and skill! They vanish with all their splendor, before the march of centuries, as the hoar frost at the rising of the king of day! Where now is Babylon, ‘the golden city,’ ‘the beauty of the Chaldee’s excellency?’ All its magnificence has passed away; it has been swept from the earth, so that the very spot upon which it once stood can now scarcely be distinguished. Where is Nineveh, ‘the beautiful, the agreeable,’ the capital of the mighty Sennacherib, the ‘exceeding great city of three days’ journey’ in circumference, with its vast walls, its lofty towers, and its brazen gates! It has gone! with the besom of destruction it has been swept away, in fulfilment of the prophecy of the servant of God, and a few shapeless mounds are all that now mark the place of proud Nineveh! Where are Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities of the plain? the sluggish, poisonous waves of the sea of death now roll over them! Where are Balbec and Palmyra, once the pride of the east? All that remain of these specimens of ancient splendor, are roofless walls, prostrate columns, broken images, and a wide-spread sea of ruins! A straying shepherd, or a wandering Arab of the desert, may occasionally be seen stealing noiselessly and timidly through those desolate streets, which once were thronged with crowding multitudes of the gay and the sober, the wise and the simple—and the wary fox now barks from the windows, and the rank grass waves upon the thresholds of those lofty palaces which once were filled with opulence, and rang with the loud revelry of their princely occupants! Where are Tyre and Sidon, and Capernaum, and Chorazin, and Ephesus? Prostrate on the ground in shapeless heaps of ruins! O, earth! earth! how art thou written over with the memorials of man’s pride and man’s vanity, and of the mutable nature of all things connected with thee!

But there is a brighter side to this picture of the temporal nature of ‘the things which are seen.’ If the pleasures and enjoyments of this world are transitory and fleeting, so also are its misfortunes, its sorrows and imperfections. The greatest calamities can be overcome, the deepest wounds of affliction can in time be healed, and many human imperfections can be remedied. The thickest clouds of darkness are frequently but the harbingers of the approach of light and joy; and how often does the most unpromising future, bring unlooked for relief and happiness! And sin, too, that deadly enemy of man’s happi-

ness!—may we not consistently class this among the things seen and temporal? What is more frequently seen and felt than sin, in its various Protean forms. Sin is seen in man when he strives to circumvent and overreach his brother man; it is seen in the wrath and malice which one human being exhibits towards another; it is seen in the haughtiness and vanity, in the spiritual pride and self-righteousness too often exhibited by many who profess to be the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus; it is seen in the contentions, the wars and the bloodshed, which have raged in every portion of the world! It was in especial allusion to the sinfulness of men, as manifested in the persecutions and distresses heaped upon himself and brother christians, that the apostle alluded when he declared that ‘the things which are seen are temporal.’ We, therefore, have the testimony of God’s word, that sin is *temporal*, and hence it must eventually come to an end. This perfectly agrees with that portion of scripture which speaks of finishing transgressions and making an end of sins—and also with the words of John, ‘He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil.’ As all sin pertains to the works of the devil, and as the works of the devil are to be destroyed, hence sin will be destroyed, and all its evils will sink into annihilation with it. And when the children of men are released from the power and influence of sin, what can prevent their purity and happiness?

‘*But things which are not seen are eternal.*’ In this sentence the apostle evidently alludes to the perfection and happiness of another world. We may reasonably suppose that the constituent moral principles of the happiness of the life to come, will be virtue, righteousness, justice, kindness, goodness, love, etc. These will be the sweet and exhaustless fountains from whence we shall derive much of our enjoyments. They are qualities which exist in God, and reign in heaven in the utmost perfection! It is true, these principles are exhibited to some extent, by man in this life. But here they are very imperfect—they are seen only in a low degree, and intermingled with much selfishness, partiality and fickleness. The *perfection* of these principles cannot be exhibited in these frail bodies of flesh and blood. They are, therefore, among the things ‘not seen’ in this world. But in the character of the Most

High—amid the fair, and bright, and beautiful scenes of the ‘land of pure delight,’ they exist in all their infinity and eternity, without any of the dark intermixtures of earth’s alloy being mingled with them. The blessed Father of spirits, is holy without spiritual pride, he is good without partiality, is just without cruelty, kind and merciful without weakness, and wise and powerful without any disposition or design to exercise his wisdom or his power to inflict ceaseless evil upon a living thing. This is the perfection of all worthiness! and to this perfection, exhibiting itself in heaven above, in every conceivable form of transcendent loveliness, does the apostle allude when he declares that ‘the things unseen are eternal!’

But why are virtue, righteousness, justice, goodness, love, and all kindred principles, eternal and immutable in their nature, while sin, in its every ramification, in its every form and feature, is temporal and ending? Cannot the reader readily divine the answer? The former principles partake of the character of God—they are a portion of his nature—they flow from him in all the administrations of his universal government, as waters flow from their fountain. Hence as God is eternal in his existence, these principles will also be eternal in duration! But sin does not, in any of its multifarious features, partake of the nature of Jehovah—it does not proceed from him, and has no connection with his attributes or character; but is directly and wholly opposed to all the principles he possesses. Sin is an earthly imperfection entirely—it is caused wholly and only, by improperly allowing the low, animal propensities of the body to escape from the control of the high moral powers, and enter upon practices which are *unnatural*, and hence wicked. It is allowed to exist by the Deity, not for its own sake, but for the sake of all the benefit which flows from the *natural* use of those faculties which are sometimes debased to its unworthy service. Hence there is nothing eternal or immutable in the nature of sin—it is connected with no object by which its existence is necessarily perpetuated, as are the virtues by connection with God’s character. The source of sin—viz. man’s propensities ungoverned—is temporary, and consequently sin itself must be temporary. When the cause ceases—when men’s animal passions are resolved into their original elements of the earth—then will sin cease—and the spirit, freed from its contaminating influences, will be in a fit state to be

clothed upon with immortal habiliments, and to be moulded into the frame and character of things eternal!

From this comparison between the things of this world, and the things of the world to come, the reader cannot fail to discover the importance of giving heed to the apostolic injunction: 'Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.' How fleeting, how uncertain, are the 'things on the earth!' The most prosperous condition, the most happy circumstances, the brightest anticipations connected with earthly things, are liable to be interrupted and blasted in a moment. All earth's enjoyments are as evanescent as the early cloud and the morning dew. Change, decay, dissolution, are inscribed on all things here below! How unwise then, to look to them, and to rely upon them for that happiness which the soul craves! He who places all his affections on the things of this world, is most assuredly doomed, sooner or later, to meet with bitter disappointment and sorrow. As he grows older, he will more and more perceive their emptiness and comparative nothingness; and if he has not the proper taste or disposition to contemplate things of a heavenly character, gloom and despair will take possession of his soul! If, then, we are wise, we shall allow the repeated lessons of experience to wean us from an inordinate love of that which this world affords, and lead our minds to the intransitory, the unfading, the everlasting things of a more perfect world. As disappointments and misfortunes come upon us here, should we not learn to raise our thoughts to the contemplation and the love of that better life, where disappointments, misfortunes, separations, sickness, pain, sin, and death, are never known, but where all is permanence and immutability—the permanence and immutability of serene peace, of unclouded tranquillity and ecstatic joy? Here the sun rises but to set, and leave the earth again in darkness—but there, the sun—the glorious sun of Love—beams in meridian splendor, and uneclipsed and unclouded, forever floods with its blessed light, the courts of celestial joy! Here, the flowers of spring bud and blossom, but to fade and perish under the biting frosts of autumn—there, ever reigns perennial spring, and the flowers of concord, of brotherly kindness, peace, love and joy, shall bloom in perpetual verdure, and steep the zephyrs of paradise with their fragrant odor! Here, the tenderest ties of our nature are formed but to be broken—oft, O how suddenly broken!

—the sweetest union can be formed only in anticipation that it must ere long be dissolved—but there, the golden chain of affection, which shall link heart to heart, and all hearts to God, will be undecaying and indissoluble!—as age follows age in the heavenly calendar, that claim shall grow brighter and stronger, and shall endure in all its pristine power, as the endless cycles of eternity roll onward! Then set your affection on things above—for they fade not, they die not, they change not! As the hardy mariner, when tossed and buffeted by the tempestuous waves of ocean, beholds the polar star immovably fixed, and ready to lead him from danger and death, so the soul which contemplates with faith and love, the immutable things of a higher world, will be directed by them in safety through all the stormy scenes of life, to the haven of everlasting peace!



THEY ALL HAVE GONE.

Original.

WHERE are they now? the young—the gay—
Companions of my youthful hours?
With whom I sported life away,
Surrounded by its freshest flowers?

They all have gone! those hearts that beat
Once in accordance with my own;
Which made earth's dreariest scenes so sweet,
That every sound had music's tone.

They all have gone—their peaceful rest
Is now unbroken in the tomb;
While to my aged, care-worn breast,
Earth's fairest scenes are wrapt in gloom.

X. Y. Z.



PAULINE MORRIS.

Original.

BY MISS N. THORNING.

'Oh, I would wish for fame, for the bright wreath which twines so proudly round the brow,' said the beautiful Pauline Morris; 'I would make proud man bow before the mighty power of a woman's mind, and own her superiority. Could woman sit in our legislative halls, or our tribunals of justice, the wreath would soon be won, and fame's bright garland would be mine. O, for distinction! for renown!'

'Pauline,' said the gentle Helen, 'you are indeed ambitious, but what has so suddenly roused the spirit in your woman's heart? what new flight has your fancy taken? Do you repine at woman's lot, and wish for fame, renown, and the

applause of the world? Really, methinks a helmet would look well over those dark locks of thine, sister Pauline, and thine eye would flash still brighter beneath the shade of a nodding plume, and the proud step with which you now pace the room would well befit the 'battle's front;' you would be a powerful rival for Joan of Arc, herself.'

'Helen!' said Pauline, reproachfully, 'you know not what it is to thirst for fame; you would ever tread in the dull round of a woman's lot, each day the same as the preceding; but I know and feel that woman is born for nobler, loftier things. She's as capable of making laws as proud man; she can judge as impartially, and even, should occasion require, could fight as bravely.'

'E'en should it be so, Pauline, is it a loftier, nobler task, to make the laws of a nation, or to train up the mind which is to make those laws? To teach the mind the principles of wisdom and of virtue, to give the heart right impressions, is a far nobler task than to sit at the tribunals of justice; and it is for woman to do this; it is hers to guide the years of helpless infancy, hers to instil into the mind the strong principles of truth, and gently to lead the steps of wayward youth back to the path of rectitude; and is not this a nobler lot than to stand on the lofty eminence of science and of fame in the halls of Congress, or even at a monarch's throne?'

'And yet, Helen, who heeds the untiring devotedness of a woman's heart, her hours of watching and of weariness. Man gains the applause of the world by deeds of noble daring, but woman may strive on with a lofty spirit through care and suffering, misery and wo, and yet none note the pallid cheek, the wasted form, unless it be with that cold pity which probes the wound it was sent to heal!'

'And so, Pauline, because fame speaks not of woman's noble deeds, you would have her forsake her duty; because praise follows not the performance of a duty, however arduous, you would have her forsake the path marked out for her by her Creator. But, Pauline, though fame's brazen trumpet may not sound abroad a woman's deeds, yet there is within her heart a consciousness of duty well done, and a knowledge that there are hearts that bless her which the world knows not of; this is dearer far than praise, or fame itself. And though she may sometimes almost sink beneath the stroke of sorrow and afflic-

tion, though her cheek may pale through weariness and watching, yet, if there is within her heart the consciousness of having done that which is right, the spirit will not sink, but will rise superior to affliction, and still press onward in the path of duty.'

'There may be some, Helen, who would be content to walk in what you call the path of duty; who would watch over the bed of sickness, sooth the sufferer, and listen to the tale of other's woes without wishing for the commendation of the world. But there are others who seem to have a restless spirit of ambition, which must seek its gratification though many things may oppose, and such a spirit is mine. I would wish to stand on a level with the proudest and most gifted, where woman never stood before, and to transmit my name to posterity as one to whom the world saw fit to bow its haughty head!'

'But, Pauline, what are fame and praise? empty things and vain, they cannot afford to the heart the comfort for which it longs in hours of loneliness and sorrow; they may, indeed, flatter for a while, and cast a dazzling light about our pathway; but the light may sink in darkness, and loneliness and destitution may rest upon the heart which trusted to them.'

'So all have said; and yet fame and praise are ardently pursued, and I would wish to know and see for myself. I would win the wreath, and then watch whether or no the flowers faded, and whether it casts a shade upon the brow on which it rests.'

Pauline and Helen Morris were the daughters of a rich gentleman residing in one of our beautiful New England towns. They had been educated at fashionable schools, and taught all the accomplishments which could serve to please the eye or the ear of their fashionable acquaintances, but they had never shared a mother's care; for she who could have guided their steps in the right path, who could have checked the growth of the weeds amid the flowers of their mind, had been taken from them in early life by one of those dispensations of Providence, which, though always right, appear dark to blind, erring man.

Yet was there much to admire, and much to love in the two sisters, different as they were, and though a mother's hand had been wanting in the formation of their character.

Mr. Morris was a learned, a gifted, and an ambitious man. He was proud of his daughters, not merely for their personal beauty, but for the

rich powers of their minds. But the dark-eyed Pauline was his favorite ; with a spirit bold and daring, and a mind of the highest order, she seemed formed to dazzle in the busy world. The lofty brow and flashing eye spoke of a determined soul ; but there was at times a scornful curl of the beautiful lip, which told that haughtiness and pride oftentimes predominated over the finer feelings of a woman's soul. And it was this very pride the ambitious father loved ; he loved the haughty step and look she at times saw fit to assume, for it spoke of the master spirit which ruled over all her actions.

Helen was timid as a fawn, yet within her heart there was a fount of noble feeling, which showed itself in acts of kindness to all around. Hers was a spirit formed to endure much without a murmur, and suffer long without repining. But as yet her sunny brow was undimmed by care, and her deep blue eye unclouded by sorrow. Pauline seemed formed to strike the beholder with astonishment and wonder at the first glance—but Helen might be passed unnoticed in the busy crowd ; but if once the gazer met the glance of that soft blue eye, or heard the tones of that rich voice, they were not soon forgotten.

Two years had passed since the commencement of my narrative, and it had wrought many changes in the family of Mr. Morris.

Pauline had desired praise, had wished for fame. Was that wish gratified ? was the wreath twined for that young brow ? It was ; Pauline was indeed on a level with the proudest and most gifted—in her own words, man had bowed before the weight of a woman's mind. She had listened to the words of praise, she had stood before a vast assemblage and addressed them in words of lofty eloquence which would not have disgraced the noblest in the land, and words of approbation were heard from the multitude, and encomiums were bestowed upon her who, it was said, had dared to assert a woman's rights ; and now her fame was at its height, and the great wish of her heart seemed realized. But did the brow ne'er ache round which fame's wreath was twined ? was there nought to mar the peace, though she seemed the sought and loved of all ? That changing cheek speaks not of uninterrupted bliss ; why should it ? And though the eye strives to assume a calm and steady gaze, still there is a cloud resting there, and there is a weight on that young heart. True, Pauline was praised and

flattered ; but there were some who joined not in the praise—there were those who thought she had stepped from the path in which a woman should walk. But Pauline's proud spirit strove to hide the mortification this gave her, and, to the careless observer, she might, perhaps, have succeeded. But there are hours of solitude to all, and in these hours the thought would come, an unwelcome and unbidden guest indeed, that there were many, and those, too, who were dear to her, who blamed the step she had taken, who looked upon her as one who had left the duties which belong to a woman's station in society, and who had sought to gratify ambition even at the expense of the happiness of many around her.

Two years I said had passed, and where was the gentle Helen ? What change had those years wrought on that fair form, and, more than all, on that warm, affectionate heart ? Helen Morris ! there were many who could bless that name ; many a widow who could tell of one who came and soothed her bed of sickness, whose soft voice spoke peace to her weary heart ; many an orphan who lisps the name of its benefactor with a joyful heart and a beaming eye.

For Helen had stood at the bed of sickness and of death, and with a heart undaunted had pointed the sufferer to Jesus. She had seen sorrow in its various forms stealing the rose from the cheek of youth, bearing down the spirit of manhood, and making still deeper the furrows on the brow of age ; and, in all cases, she had endeavored, with that nice sense of delicacy which a woman only possesses, to bind up the wounded heart, to sooth its sorrows and to give peace and comfort ; and well had she succeeded. Many a heart had called down blessings on her head, and many a prayer had risen to Heaven for the protection and safety of her who came like an angel in their affliction, to throw a light on the gloom which hung over their pathway. Her duty was well performed, and there was peace and joy on her fair brow, and from the depths of her blue eyes there shone forth the spirit of a heart at peace with God and man.

It was midnight in the beautiful month of June. The moon shed a light on all below, so soft it seemed, as if that alone might sooth the perturbed passions of man, and bid him turn his thoughts to higher things than those of earth, and brighter hopes than aught we meet with here below.

But there were some who heeded not the scene, beautiful though it might be.

In a splendid chamber, upon the bed of death, was the form of the once proud and beautiful Pauline Morris. Her brow, pale as sculptured marble, strangely contrasted with her raven hair, and her large black eyes, from which the fire had not yet faded, were fixed upon her sister, who was bending over her. At the foot of the bed stood Mr. Morris, his lips sternly compressed, and his eyes fixed upon the idol of his heart. O! death has a mighty power to subdue the strong passions of the mind, those passions which have torn and rent the soul in days of health and vigor!

Sad, even as the strains of a broken harp, were the words of the dying Pauline. Helen, dearest Helen, I have not been to you all that a sister should have been; I have treated too coldly the heart which has ever clung to mine; I have scorned your religion, your humble spirit, and your attendance on the sick and poor. The world, and the praise of the many too much engrossed my heart for me to love you as you deserved; but you, I know, will forgive a sister's faults, especially when she asks it of you with her dying breath.

The world may say that mine was a happy, an enviable lot, but they know not all, Helen; they know not of the secret thoughts, the bitter, anxious thoughts, which have often agitated this haughty spirit. But there was one thought which served, more than all others served, to render this proud heart miserable, and this the world knows not of. But, Helen, there was one who loved me, proud and haughty as I was; he wove full many a charm around my heart, but still I scorned him, bade him depart and seek another's love! And why? I answer, 'twas for pride, ambition. I would have wed a nobler, richer one, but I have felt, ay, deeply felt it all, and it is well! Even when praise was sounding in my ears, it was blent with tones of scorn, and thorns full oft have pierced me where I looked alone for flowers. But I will add no more; you know of all this heart has suffered, although I trusted you not as I ought—but with a sister's eyes of love you saw it all. You have chosen the better part; but, O, farewell! father, one last farewell! two only ties now bind me to the earth, O, be they gently severed! once more farewell!

Her voice died away e'en as a strain of music, sad, mournfully sad. Helen bent over her, kissed

her pale, pale brow, then took her father's hand, e'en as she would a gentle, docile child, and led him from the room.

O, let not woman be too proud, ambitious; let her not trust too much to praise and flattery; but let her cultivate the finer feelings of the heart—religion, and those virtues which will enable her to be a blessing unto all around. For without these what is she? in the beautiful words of the poet,

'O! what is woman? what her smile—
Her looks of love—her eyes of light?
What is she, if her lips revile
The lovely Jesus? Love may write
His name upon her marble brow,
And linger in her curls of jet,
The light spring flower may scarcely bow
Beneath her feet—and yet, and yet,
Without that meeker grace, she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity.'

Charlestown, May 1838.



FOREST DEVOTIONS.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

THE beautiful idolatry is dead,
Which made the poetry of classic times.
Earth's deities have fled. The fountains tell
No tales of sporting naiads, and the flowers,
By the redundant fragrance in their bells
Weighed down, like lowly vestals at their prayers,
Pour forth their incense at an empty shrine.
No virgin archer, with her silver bow,
Molests the fawn that lingers by the stream
To taste the sweet refreshment of its waves.
The rustic swain may wander through the wild,
Nor wake a dryad from the velvet sward,
Though with his reckless tramp he crush the flowers
That make the pillow of her fabled couch.
The Druid, too—the venerable priest,
Who made the grove the temple of his rites,
Ev'n he no longer lights the fatal flame,
And binds his brother to the wicker pyre.
The ancient oak yields to the soft embrace
Of reverend mistletoe, and yet receives
No homage for the union. Earth's deities
Have flown—divinity is dead.

My God!

Thou who art dwelling in the humblest flower,
Existent in the mightiest and the least
Of all created loveliness, whose home
Has no locality—Thou art the lone,
The ever present Deity! There are,
Oh spirit of the universe! there are
No empty shrines, no wasted offerings!
All shrines are filled, all gifts received by Thee!
And fountains have a voice to speak of Thee—
A theme eternal as thy nature, God,
And wasteless as thy goodness!

Earth may praise

With all her magic tongues, and human lips
And human hearts may swell their eloquence;
The kneeling choir of seraphim may join
With cherubim and angels round thy throne;
But never, Oh, Jehovah King of Hosts!

Shall mortal or celestial voices show
 One visible fraction of thy goodness !
 Here on this sod, made beautiful by Thee,
 And fragrant with thine all-pervading love,
 I bend my knee and bow my contrite heart,
 Assured that never Druid lit a flame
 So sweet to Thee, as the pure glow of love
 Which thy own breath has kindled. But I kneel
 Not lonely at thy footstool ; by my side,
 Bend, in their chastened beauty, a sweet group
 Of vestal forest flowers ; their tearful eyes
 Upturned to Heaven ; their fragile, sylph-like forms
 Bowed like young Magdalens ; and on their lips
 Rich with an eloquence approved by Thee,
 Their only auditor, rest radiant smiles
 Of pure, confiding, all-beseeching love.
 Beloved Father, while I pray with them,
 To be a child of grace, and seek the crown
 That their meek foreheads wear—the radiant crown
 Of hope and peace—give me to wear with them
 That small white pearl, more rare than Ceylon yields,
 Known as *humility*. Aid me to be
 Humble and lowly hearted as the flowers ;
 That I may turn away from earth, right glad
 To seek their sisterhood ! weary with pomp
 And gaudy pageantry ; with strife for rank
 And worldly precedence ; content to pass
 My blessed hours of worship here, where pride,
 The evil tempter of our innocence,
 Has no admittance. Father, hear my plea !

Mag. & Advocate.



AN INCIDENT.

Original.

LASTING are the impressions of early life ; sculptured are many of them upon the ever-enduring tablet of memory as monuments of the past, and well would it be if we should frequently recall them as past hours to teach us wisdom—use them as encouragements to virtue, or as beacons of warning when allured to the paths of vice.

The present should be compared with the past, and the mercies of the past should strengthen our hands to do aright, by the assurances which they give of future recompense. The hours which once seemed dark and gloomy might afford light and encouragement, might give us an assurance of an early dawn. The trials which nearly crushed us, and from which we had obtained a speedy deliverance, might give us an assurance of a harvest of joy. Those disappointments which so embitter the past, we generally find produce future good. Sickness gives us a higher relish for the blessings of health. The anathemas and cursings of man have frequently resulted in crowning us with peace and joy. Soon after commencing the work of the ministry, the writer met with an incident which left a lasting impression upon his mind, and which may not be without interest to some of the readers of the Reposi-

tory. I was returning from administering words of consolation to a bereaved family, from whom had been taken a companion, and a mother. I had witnessed the soothing effects of the gospel, and felt that christians should never sorrow as those without hope. I had learned much from the pious resignation of the bereaved, and was induced to thank God for revealing life and immortality through the gospel. I had learned that it was better to visit the house of mourning than the house of feasting ; my heart was filled even to an overflowing. No wonder then that I should have hailed the sight of a fellow-being with joy. His head was silvered o'er with age, and his slow and measured step told him not long for this world. His countenance was open and prepossessing. I joined his company, found him affable and polite ; I listened to his tales of by-gone days, and allowed him to fight again the battles of the revolution. We seemed mutually pleased, but ere we parted he would know my name and place of residence ; and, when satisfied upon those points, my occupation.

I modestly replied that I had made the gospel my choice, and intended to devote my time to the promulgation of its glorious truths. His countenance brightened, he rejoiced that one so young had renounced the pleasures of the world to commence the service of God. But what doctrine do you preach ? I proclaim that *God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself*. I had time to add no more. There was no need of my saying more. I had touched the fatal spring, the mine exploded ; the volcano never raged with greater fury. 'Tis a lie ! 'tis a damnable lie ! were the first words his surcharged heart could utter. I had no opportunity to tell him this was the language of scripture ere he commenced his catalogue of denunciations, and never was memory stored with a more extensive vocabulary. He must have studied in the school of a by-gone Boanerges more inventive than our modern Knapps, Finneys and Burchards. 'Devil's doctrine, damnable lies, soul-destroying heresies, servants of Satan,' &c. &c., were the only exclamations to be heard until I had escaped from the sound of his stentorian voice. I passed on, reflecting upon the power which superstition exercises over the mind. Well has it been said, 'She's blind, she cannot see ; she's deaf, she cannot hear ; she is senseless, she cannot feel ;' she, for a time, renders the heart impervious to the sublime truths of the

gospel, turns light into darkness, and good into evil; and, in too many cases, destroys all the better feelings of nature, seating the look of scorn upon the brow where our heavenly Father had placed the smile of benevolence. But time, that unwearied traveller, continued his journey, and, after the lapse of nearly three years, I found myself upon the same spot where I had first seen my [quondam] friend. But where was he? I made the inquiry, and learned that he slept with his fathers. To the last he retained his faith in the doctrines of John Calvin, and was filled with bitterness against those who believed or taught the doctrine of God's impartial grace. He believed himself to be one of the elect, he felt assured that he should inherit the joys of a blissful immortality, while his ungodly neighbors should welter in a lake of liquid fire, the sport, not of devils only, but of the *righteous*, of *holy angels*, of the *merciful Savior*, and of that *God* who had declared his name to be *Love*.

My informant, observing that I manifested considerable interest, inquired with regard to my knowledge of her father; and when I had rehearsed the account of my first and only meeting with him, exclaimed, 'Welcome, welcome dear brother; ardently have I wished to see you, and often have I thought of your instrumentality in bringing me to the truth.' She then informed me that for some years she was a member of a church in which her father officiated as deacon. Her father had spent several of his last years with her. One day he started for a neighbor's, and after being gone for some time, returned filled with wrath and bitterness. He said he had, for the first time in his life, seen one of the devil's ministers, an enemy to all righteousness, &c. &c. He even went so far as to change from his usual method in conducting the family services, and selected those chapters in the Bible which he thought most fully to sustain the doctrine of endless misery. 'One morning he read the sixteenth chapter of the gospel according to St. Mark, and spoke of the endless damnation which *he* there found denounced against sinners. Again he read the thirteenth of Matthew, and said much of the *woes* there denounced. The next morning he read the 24th of Matthew, explaining each verse as he proceeded, and applying the most of it to the destruction of the material universe. He thus proceeded until he came to the 34th verse when he suddenly stopped and called for his commentary; and, after examining

that for some time, he said "*that generation*" meant *the Jews*; that there should be a remnant of them remaining upon the earth until the end of time. He then finished the chapter without note or comment, but immediately declared the 34th verse was an answer to the first question of the disciples concerning the destruction of the temple, he having forgotten that question until he arrived there, when he immediately announced it, and then proceeded with his description of the end of the world. But this gave me no satisfaction. Light had found its way into my mind, and had commenced dispelling the clouds of error and unbelief. Soon I heard the Rev. Mr. B. would preach in a neighboring town. I attended his meeting; his text was in the 24th chapter of Matthew, and he referred to the questions of the disciples, and showed they referred to the same period of time, not only from the original but also from the synonymous passages in Mark and Luke's gospels; and that time the end of the Jewish age. I can truly say this was the first gospel sermon I ever heard. All was plain, and easily understood; no mystery. In the afternoon, by request, Mr. B. spoke from the 16th verse of the 16th chapter of St. Mark, and so satisfactorily was it explained, so fully did the preacher sustain his views by the declarations of the Savior, I could no longer doubt. In a few months I was excluded from the church as an incorrigible heretic; but the Lord sustains me, and I am assured that he will provide for me when all others forsake me. My former friends appear to have forgotten me, but I have found a friend to whom I can go in every time of need, who never sends me empty away. I have his blessed promises, too, which are as an anchor to my soul, sure and steadfast; and his declaration, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." My mind is at ease, the wrath of man has been made to praise God.' Amen, and so may it ever be.

W. W.



'THE life of man is, at most, but a shadow, and he can hardly be said, with truth, to exist at all; for during his short continuance here, is not his body as well as mind, continually changing? Does not every day produce, though imperceptibly, some difference in him?' *Spiritual Mag.*

OUR FATHER.

Original.

Poor toiling sons of earth, arise,
And feel the fetters break !
And let the tidings from the skies
Your sluggish souls awake.
A glorious heritage is yours—
A vast, unrivalled wealth ;
And God's own treasury insures
That heritage from stealth.

He is our Father—we his heirs,
Inheritors of heaven !
What treasure in our earth compares
With this our God hath given ?
He is our Father ! *ours*, frail man !
And we are brethren all ;
What erring mortal will or *can*
From this great birthright fall ?

Away with doubt, distrust, and fear—
Raise up the drooping heart !
And let the sunbeam through the tear,
Its blessed radiance dart.
Our Father ! strike the choral key,
And write the name on air !
And vocal upward shall it flee,
The light and life of prayer !

Our Father ! let us bend the knee,
And lisp the hallowed name ;
Our Father ! may it, can it be,
We have so dear a claim ?
Babes of thy bosom and thy heart,
The offspring of thy grace—
Ay, we are thine—and *thou*, thou art
The *Father* of our race !

S. C. E.

Haverhill, June 1838.



MUSIC.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER.

Original.

I AM in an exceedingly happy frame of mind this morning ; seated in my chamber, with the bright sun pouring his golden radiance into my window, giving assurance that summer has come to make glad the hearts of the dwellers on the mountain, in the valley, wilderness and crowded city ; how invigorating ! Blessed type of God's unchanging goodness—preacher of universal love from pole to pole, globe to globe, orbit to orbit throughout the wide circuit of our system. May *thy* rays not only enlighten me, but may this soul be warmed and expanded by the still more genial rays of the sun of righteousness, as he rises with healing in his beams !

And then the inspiration of music is upon me. You know, my dear friend, what this means—yet you cannot define the inspiration, neither can I. Music is music—and you can make nothing else of it ; nor do you desire to. How highly favored

is that soul who can enjoy it. And how can it be that there are those who do not realize its power and enchantment ?

'O tell me if there breathes a man
Who hath not felt its magic sweet ;
Along whose pulses never ran
The madly throbbing, joyous beat ;
Whose soul was never "tempest tost"
By music's stirring melody,
When thoughts of earth were wholly lost
Amid the thrilling minstrelsy !'

But why am I in this frame now ? you may ask. I answer, I cannot tell—only that there is on my table a delightful French music box, warbling forth its bewitching notes—elevating, soothing, melting, entrancing my spirits, causing every nerve, vein and artery to feel indescribable sensations stealing over them. O, what bliss ! God be praised for the charms of music ! Its strain comes from a holier sphere—its voice is angelic—its power is celestial. How can a lover of music have a wicked heart ? How can he be vicious ? How in love with impurity ? Astonishing ! he should be as near perfection as earth-born existence can be. Not for all the wealth of creation would I surrender my musical susceptibilities. I believe if I had a wicked intention in my heart, that a few strains like those I now hear would bear it away, and give me meekness, gentleness, and purity of thought in return.

Speaking of music leads me to say that I have a sweet piece, with sweeter words written to it, now on a sheet before me. It is entitled 'The Sky Lark.' Did you ever see it ? I will send you the words if I cannot the music ; you will be pleased with them, for they are christian.

'How sweet is the song of the lark when she springs
To welcome the morning with joy on her wings ;
The higher she rises the sweeter she sings—
And she sings when we see her no more.

When storms and dark clouds veil the sun from our sight,
She has mounted above them, she shines in the light,
Thus far from the scenes that disturb and affright,
She loves her gay music to pour.

'Tis thus with the christian—his willing soul flies,
To welcome the day-spring that streams from the skies ;
He is drawn by its glorious effulgence to rise
To the region from whence it is given.

He sings on his way from this cloud-covered spot,
The quicker his progress the sweeter his note,
When we hear him no longer the song ceases not,
It blends with the chorus of heaven !'

What is better than this ? How many times has its sentiment caused me to rise and soar away in spirit above the mean attractions of this lower inheritance to those regions of transcen-

dent light and joy, where songs of ceaseless praise are chanted before the throne of Him who is from everlasting ! Of this thing I have long been assured,—that I never shall be happier hereafter, according to my measure of capacity, than I have been, at certain times, on this terrestrial ball ; nor do I ask to be. Glory to God that he will permit a weak worm thus to lisp forth his goodness and praise. Let us, brother, wisely improve the blessings he has given us in the enjoyment of sweet sounds ; let not only our hands and voices, our breath and intellect declare his praises, but our hearts. *The music of the soul* will be the sweetest, the most acceptable we can raise to the King of kings.

J. G. A.

Malden, Mass.



OF ANGER.

Original.

SOLOMON says that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is no less true that a hard answer increases wrath. It would be well to bear this in mind. When we have a cause of difference with a fellow-creature, we must not suppose that by heaping offence upon him we shall restore things to their proper condition. If he already feels unpleasantly toward us, we shall only widen the breach by exhibiting a spirit of resentment toward him. The noblest and most difficult conquests are those which we gain over ourselves. It is easy enough to overcome an enemy if we are the stronger of the two ; but to overcome ourselves requires both courage and fortitude. It is lamentable to see how little this is practised even among christians. They boast of having subdued a foe—they feel proud of the spirit which they may have shown in some transaction where they gained the advantage over a rival. But have they indeed conquered ? Have they indeed gained a victory ? No ; because, although they have put to silence an opponent, they have not overcome his enmity. They have only added to his hatred ; for when a man finds that his enemy has gained a complete advantage over him, by violence or stratagem, what can add more to the rage which he felt before ?

If you can conquer and overcome the enmity which rages against you in the bosom of another, you have indeed gained a victory. If you can convince him that he has done wrong in hating you, and make him feel sorry for it, you do indeed come off victorious—for you have annihi-

lated his enmity, and transformed a foe into a friend.

But how is this to be done ? Certainly not by inflaming his anger ; for then you raise up a stronger enemy instead of crushing one. What should we think of the man who, perceiving that his house was on fire, threw combustibles upon it to extend and increase the flame ? We should suppose him mad, and anger is also a species of madness. Whenever one exhibits rage for an offence committed against him, he does an act of desperation calculated to injure himself, and is an avenger of his enemy's wrongs upon himself. For anger in your breast will not extinguish anger in the breast of another, any more than fire will extinguish fire.

I know that these sentiments will generally be acquiesced in ; but is it enough to yield a mere assent to theories of such vital importance ? Are truths of great weight and consequence good for nothing but to make a show upon paper ? To Universalists especially the principle here advocated addresses itself, and demands not only serious consideration but rigid practice. On what other principle but this is the doctrine of universal salvation founded ? How is it that Jesus shall see the travail of his soul and be satisfied, when all his enemies are made the footstool of the Almighty ? Will it be by banishing the sinner forever from his presence, and consigning him to endless torments ? No ; because that, instead of overcoming the enemies of the Lord, would only make them much greater enemies to him than they were before. To kindle diabolical rage in the breasts of his creatures, and to increase their enmity a hundred fold, would not be subduing his foes, but arming them against him. The merciful God prefers to conquer his enemies by making them his friends.



TEACHINGS OF SADNESS.

Original.

I sit me down where oft I've sat in pleasant days gone by,
Where angels of the brighter home have oft in love drawn nigh ;
Where wrapt in bliss, soul-felt and pure, I've felt the quickening dove,
And sent the fervent prayer for aid up to the throne of Love ;
Where I have gained a stronger hope to conquer passion's rule,
And bowed me, as a child of earth, in Christ's all perfect school.

The memory of the vanished past ! how sad unto my soul !
 O'er this hushed heart, with mighty power, the waves
 of sadness roll,
 And, mingling with each stream of thought, it tinges
 all with grief,
 And to the brightening world without the mind turns
 for relief ;
 But, O ! each dear familiar scene that rises to my view,
 Tells me of joys, (the like no more,) which once I
 thankful knew.

No more shall I o'er yonder hill roam with glad step
 and free,
 To view the glorious scene spread out—it hath no
 charms to me ;
 The winding path, the tangled glade, the grove and
 loved retreat,
 No more invite, at twilight hour, my wandering, tire-
 less feet ;
 My hopes are not as once they were, and separation
 comes
 To distance soon, and, O ! how much, my own and
 kindred's homes.

But yet the sorrow of this hour is not unmingled gall,
 The whisperings of a spirit kind on the soul's ear doth
 fall,
 Which bid my heart think more and more, as time rolls
 fast away,
 Of Heaven above, where friends beloved, ere in our
 presence stay—
 Where never bloom bright flowers to fade, no hopes
 to wither fast,
 But where the joys of union dear, forever, ever last.

Charlestown, Mass.

ELLA.



A FEW ERAS IN THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.

A Tale : Yet not a Fiction.

BY REV. D. J. MANDELL.

Original.

CHAPTER I.

A description of the Valley of Human Life.—A description of the Bower of Faith.—The character and purpose of Religion declared.—The hostility of Idolatry.

In a corner of the universe, is a place renowned among its inhabitants, and known as the Valley of Human Life. It would be a most delightful spot, were it not for the contention and strife which prevail there. The sun shines there very much as it does here ; and diffuses light, heat, and animation abroad. The soil is prolific, and ever affords an abundance. There are a thousand avenues of enjoyment open to all who dwell in its borders. But they cannot be content with their blessings, and live in peace. There is a certain plant called Sin, of which the inhabitants appear to be exceedingly fond. By some it is said, that they 'roll it as a sweet morsel under

their tongues.' Its effect, however, upon their constitution and comfort, is highly pernicious. It quells the rising and holy emotions of virtue, and causes feelings of bitterness and hostility to rise in their minds against one another.

It is said by all who claim to be the disciples of true wisdom, that the whole universe is naturally subject to one Almighty Sovereign. The Valley of Human Life, rightfully, should be under his government, and its inhabitants should acknowledge allegiance to him. But at the period when the events about to be narrated, occurred, this part of his dominion had revolted, and the hearts of his subjects were stolen away. The common use they had made of the demoralizing plant, sin, had destroyed all their perceptions of loyalty to him, and drawn their affections to things of the most gross and sensual nature. A designing and intriguing personage had taken advantage of this state of affairs, to establish a claim to dominion. This, by arts and stratagems he well knew how to use, he had accomplished to the fullest degree ; and at the time my narrative commences, had woven himself effectually around the hearts of mankind, as the people inhabiting the Valley were called.

I now wish to introduce the reader into one of the most beautiful places in the Valley : THE BOWER OF FAITH. This Bower is said to be the last relic of the Garden of Eden, a place discovered and inhabited by the first settlers of the Valley ; and which it is said was a most delightful and agreeable retreat, so much so, that the Sovereign of the universe was accustomed, on occasions, to grace it with his own august presence, till its inhabitants began to love the plant of sin. This rendered them so disagreeable, that beauty and righteousness, the angels of that sylvan retreat, fled from them in terror, and they no longer enjoyed the delight of the place.

The Bower of Faith, however, was left to beautify the Valley of Human Life, notwithstanding the delightful garden to which it was once attached, was desecrated and destroyed. The Bower was surrounded with gardens, called the *gardens of promise* ; as a residence, it was perfectly delightful and healthy ; the morning shed its earliest beams upon it, and the evening crowned it with her most benignant glories, thousands of flowers sprung spontaneously up, and loaded the air with the richest perfume ; and singing birds chimed melodiously in its ambrosial shades. It was a perfect scene of loveliness ; and it is as-

serted, that if a person was once led to indulge in the feelings which arose when once admitted into it, the lands without appeared more beautiful, and the noise and din which prevailed throughout the Valley of Human Life, was unheard. Sweet sounds absorbed the spirit, and sweet sights enraptured the senses.

In this beautiful abode dwelt RELIGION ; (I hope there are none of my readers but that have a near acquaintance with her.) It is often said, and doubtlessly with much propriety, that angelic beings, when virtue and bliss hold their court therein, frequently visited the Valley of Human Life. But of this one fact I am certain—none could have exceeded in beauty, in perfection of character, and in the most desirable attributes, the gentle and lovely being to whom I have just introduced the reader. However great may be my effort, my powers of description are entirely inadequate to give a correct conception of the graces which surrounded Religion. Her countenance possessed an air of subduedness and beauty, which could not fail of striking the observer at the first glance. There was also a dignity which was attractive, and a gentleness which was pleasing in her appearance. Her charms were of that description which chain the admiration ; and had the Priest and Levite, who went by on the other side, and left the wounded traveller to perish, had but a glimpse of her beauties, it would have been sufficient to have melted their adamant hearts to something like love and pity. There was a sunshine about her, which seemed to envelope even misery with a halo, and to give a tincture of celestial beauty to her countenance.

Religion was the ambassadress of the rightful sovereign of the Valley of Human Life ; and was vested with full powers to restore the recreant inhabitants of that place, to a sense of their duty to their natural Governor. This governor loved his subjects with even more than a father's love. He could not endure to see them, even though rebellious, unhappy in their rebellion. He knew that it was only by obedience to his laws, that they could enjoy peace and repose ; and he could not contentedly see them owning the authority of an usurper and vile destroyer of their happiness and joy. Neither was it consistent with his character and disposition to adopt coercive measures to reclaim them. He sought to win them back to their duty by kind and gentle means. It was with this view that he sent Religion with the powers above mentioned. She was so beautiful, and

represented so perfectly the disposition of their Sovereign to the revolted inhabitants of the Valley—how could they help respecting and loving her ? Her loveliness and bland accents would win upon their hearts ; she would teach them the character of him against whom they had rebelled—show them the delights flowing from love and duty to him, and how could they resist her appeals, and her delicious and heavenly eloquence ! It was through her influence and persuasion that their Ruler designed to accomplish his objects toward the restoration of the inhabitants of the Valley to a sense of their duty and fealty. And I trust the sequel will show that his dependance was well placed on Religion, and that by her his purposes were well seconded and executed.

It is oftentimes surprising to see with what calmness and apparent heedlessness, many who hold the reins of dominion and power, will permit the growth of causes, which are calculated ultimately to deprive them of their dominion and destroy their power. This was remarkably illustrated by Idolatry on occasions of which I shall presently speak. Notwithstanding Religion came direct into the centre of his usurped dominions, established herself, and even declared herself and the objects of her mission, his pride and fear took no alarm. Her charms, her fame, the novelty with which she was surrounded, and above all, perhaps, the beauties with which the Bower of Faith was possessed, attracted many. They were invariably received by her with all becoming courtesy and kindness. Converse with her always gave delight to such as knew how to appreciate it, and the visits of such as ventured into her presence, always afforded them satisfaction of the highest degree. She invariably took occasion to affect their hearts favorably toward him from whence she came, and to wean their minds from Idolatry. And so great was the charm which she threw around her, and so holy was the delight her presence and converse inspired, that her friends increased daily, and her sincere admirers thronged around her to the utter neglect of Idolatry and his mandates, and to their recovery from the deep blindness which he had cast over their minds. They seldom, if ever, partook of the noxious weed of sin, under the influence of which they had thoughtlessly permitted themselves to be drawn away from their lawful allegiance.

Among others whom I might enumerate, that loved the pleasures of the Bower of Faith, and who enjoyed the society of Religion, I will men-

tion Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The Bower of Faith was to these individuals a favorite resort. Having been subject from their infancy to all the unholy impressions of Idolatry, Providence seemed for special purposes, as pioneers to others of their fellow beings, to direct their steps to that sacred spot. So dear did it ultimately become to them, and so great were the pleasures they enjoyed in the society of its celestial inmate, that they would not have exchanged the peaceful hours they there spent, for the earth and all its wealth. It is even said of Abraham, that rather than part with the enjoyment he thus realized, in obedience to the voice of Him to whom Religion directed his delighted eyes, he was about to sacrifice on one occasion, his dearly beloved and only begotten Son. But it was only a trial of his fidelity to his king; and he was permitted to retain his son, and to enjoy his intercourse with Religion in her delightful Bower.

The most serious inroads were made by the increasing influence and renown of Religion upon the kingdom and prospects of Idolatry. There was one Moses, whom Idolatry was training in his choicest courts, to his own purposes by his own counsels. Great expectations were entertained of him. But alas for these expectations! he heard of the delights of the Bower of Faith, and fleeing all the honors which surrounded him, and at the hazard of the eternal anger of baffled Idolatry, he resolved to seek it, and test its delights. Struck with its remarkable beauty, and delighted with the character of its tenant, he increased and prolonged his visits, until finally, like many who had preceded him, he resolved to make it his constant abode—and to defend Religion against the fury and malice, which he foresaw must break out upon her. By his great influence he enlisted many in his project, and busied himself in fortifying the Bower of Faith, by surrounding it with a wall, called the *wall of divine law*. This wall was designed as a protection to the gardens of promise, which previously had lain open to encroachment; and also as a safeguard to the Bower and its beautiful and interesting inmate. Having built this wall, he continued, with those whom he persuaded to assist him in the work, to till the gardens of promise, to which he had added, and to keep the wall in repair, until he died. Being blessed with the presence and charms of Religion in life, he knew what it was to enjoy her society in death. He blessed the household with whom he had provided Religion,

and commended her to their special care, commanding them not to suffer themselves to be enticed from their duty to her, to see that the wall of divine law suffered no breach through their negligence, and that the gardens of promise were not laid waste.

Thus the charms of the sweet ambassadress of God obtained here a multitude of friends, and many were redeemed from the malign authority of Idolatry. Report had a thousand tongues to speak, and credulity a thousand ears to hear. The name, the beauty, the graces of Religion, were the subjects of common conversation. Curiosity was agape to behold so beautiful and interesting an object as she was represented to be. Many, in the height of their excitement, were deceived by pretenders to her name and character, who for a while became the objects of quite general attention. But Religion herself was in the mean time enjoying the companionship of her friends in the retired and beautiful Bower. Surrounded by the wall of divine law, she still lived in quietness, forming the highest expectations for the future, on her present and still increasing influence. New friends had arisen, and surrounded her, withdrawing themselves from the courts of Idolatry; and all went on harmoniously in her peaceful and lovely retreat.

But this serenity was not long to last. The fame of Religion at last began to give disquiet to Idolatry himself, in his luxurious halls. He began to feel desirous of knowing more of her. Becoming more and more jealous of her enlarging influence, but still unsuspecting the vastness of its results toward his own power, he as yet felt no great alarm at its manifest decline, and became desirous of conciliating a personage so renowned. This was not from any actual fear of her producing an injury to him, or to his dominion, but with the expectation that it would be for his interest to patronize and to be considered the patron of an individual apparently of so high importance. He thought to corrupt her to his purposes by accounts of his wealth and grandeur. He accordingly caused it to be whispered around among her adherents, how vast were his possessions and riches, and what an honor it would be to have the countenance of a person thus endowed.

These accounts, which were industriously propagated among the members of the household of Religion, by the agents of Idolatry, affected deeply the minds of many. It was even said that

Idolatry possessed the friendship of a great and powerful king, who was denominated Baal. The professed friends of Religion, and members of the household of Moses, became disaffected at intelligence of this character. They left the Bower of Faith by numbers, and took again to eating the demoralizing plant of sin. They began to regret that they had left the courts of Idolatry at all, and began to think that, to renew their alliance with him would be best for them. Religion saw the danger in which she stood, and took immediate measures to obviate the difficulty and reclaim her wandering friends. Among other means which she took, she confronted the industrious myrmidons of Idolatry on their own ground. She directed one of her still remaining friends what course to pursue. He met in dispute with the agents of Idolatry, did not deny that he had power; but he was a villain; a reckless and destructive despotism was his only object; he had no such friend as Baal. After many foolish and abortive attempts to prove their story, while the servant of Religion showed by the plainest evidence that Idolatry had usurped the rightful possessions of the real Sovereign of the Valley of Human Life, the agents of Idolatry, covered with dismay and confusion, were obliged to depart, and were admonished the next time to call still louder, as perchance their Baal slept or was upon a journey.

Foiled in this attempt, yet still not essentially alarmed at the increasing popularity of Religion, Idolatry considered what was next to be done to accomplish his end. He could not see much to admire in the Bower of Faith. He thought he could construct an edifice by far more agreeable to her, and more beautiful to behold. He accordingly caused to be built a superb structure, and surrounded it with magnificent temples, and gorgeous and magnificent edifices. This was the *mansion of heathenism*, and in his view afforded advantages far superior to what the Bower of Faith offered. Having this impression he thought all that would be necessary to his end would be to send Religion a polite invitation to remove to the building he had prepared for her. But Religion steadfastly resisted his wiles. The bower, the peaceful retreat for herself and friends, was by far more congenial to her nature. She had no fellowship with Idolatry, nor with his magnificence and pomp. Little did he know of her character; he had his labor for his pains; *no religion ever graced his princely halls and temples.*

Idolatry was now not only alarmed but vexed

that Religion was of so *incorruptible* a nature. He began to fear that the reins of his government were about being taken from his hands. He thought it about time to endeavor to deprive religion of those subjects of which, by her allurements, she had robbed him. He devised means to corrupt those whom Moses had appointed to guard Religion, and to bring them over again to his interests. This he in a degree accomplished, and by his arts and enticements made such as he had rendered thus apostate to Religion, instruments in breaking down the wall of divine law, and of desecrating the gardens of promise. But, though Religion was thus attacked on her own premises, there were some who, though they could not protect her possessions, had a watchful eye to her safety, and defended her with undaunted and steadfast hearts. This remnant, though small, ultimately succeeded in rebuilding, despite the efforts of the enemy, the shattered wall of divine law, which were of such a construction that they could not be destroyed except those who guarded them assisted. They also restored the wasted gardens of promise.



THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

Original.

THERE is much difference between a legalist and a true believer. The scribes and pharisees were legalists, and it was by obeying the traditions of men, and outwardly conforming to the letter of the law, that they attained to their boasted sanctity, which Jesus compares to washing the outside of the cup and platter, while the inside remained unclean. According to their system of faith and practice, religion was nothing but an art, having no connection with the affections, and exercising no influence over the heart. St. Paul, therefore, tells them that 'bodily exercise profiteth little.' Bowing of the body, the formal repetition of certain words, and the performance of ceremonies, have nothing to do with the christian dispensation; yet many men, in these latter days, find it much more easy to go through a course of outward forms, by way of satisfying their consciences, than to take up the cross to their untoward desires, and bring every evil thought into judgment. But the religion of Jesus Christ is a heart religion, bringing everything into judgment and purifying the soul itself, so that the axe is laid at the root of the tree, and the whole man is reformed and regenerated, and made a new crea-

ture. The ceremonials of the scribes and pharisees might be performed, and they might observe the peculiar duties named in the law without being a whit better than men who did not perform those outward actions. The heart might remain impure; and its impurities might find vent in a thousand actions not particularly specified in the law; but which were calculated to do as much hurt to their fellow-creatures as any crimes laid down in the decalogue. We find that they could oppress the poor, rob widow's houses, persecute, and, finally, put Jesus to death, notwithstanding their pretended holiness. So little dependance is there to be placed upon a mere religion of laws, or rules of conduct. They can never purify the heart and change the evil disposition, however closely they are observed. They may be followed from divers motives—to be seen of men, to gain a good reputation in the world, as a cloak to more secret iniquities, or through vain glory. We shall understand this subject better when we see how ineffectual the laws instituted by human governments are to make men actually better, and to produce inward happiness. We know of many men who escape the punishments of the law, who are not brought into court for any judicial transgression, and who are even regarded by their fellow citizens as strict moral men, who are yet envious, deceitful, given to slander, and, in various ways, doing great injury to their fellow-creatures—as much so, perhaps, as if they were actually guilty of breaking the laws of the land. How many oppressors, extortioners and misers do we see who, while breaking no law made by man, evince the same evil dispositions as those who are daily in the habit of doing so. What profit is it that they, for their own reputation's sake, or from timidity, avoid the transgression of human laws, since the root of evil is in them; their hearts are hardened against their fellow-men, and they labor for his unhappiness and not for his welfare? The only difference is, that the stream of evil is directed into other channels not recognized by human laws; but calculated to injure mankind equally with those which are forbidden by statute and punishable by fines or imprisonment. Thus is it with a religion of laws. Those laws may, so far as human eye can see, be rigidly observed, and yet, in every respect, evil may be pursued, and the worst of motives be at the root of almost every deed. If Jesus, therefore, came to lay the axe at the root of the tree, and to preach a religion that works by love to the

purifying of the heart, there is no longer any need of a law written on tablets of stone, and mechanical observances of written laws are but the fulfilment of the letter which killeth, and have nothing to do with the spiritual life, which like a good tree planted in the midst of the heart bringeth forth good fruit continually after its kind. As Jesus told the woman of Samaria, it is like a well of living water, springing up continually in the heart, disposing to good deeds, inclining to works of love, of holiness and purity, so that we have no need that any man should teach us. This divine principle exercises full control over every action, even to the thoughts and desires, and thoroughly purges the wheat from the chaff. And this is the difference between the law and the gospel, that the one has reference only to certain outward actions, while the other commences in the heart, and affects the outward actions only as a consequence of the inward work, and the regeneration of the thoughts, desires, and affections.

But, being unwilling to come to the light that all our evil deeds and thoughts may be reproved, we seek another way to fulfil the gospel covenant. We think by doing a sort of penance, by bodily exercise, by the attending to a part of our duty, without any radical change in our nature, to become christian men. But no consolation or genuine happiness will be found in such a course. Until our hearts are sufficiently enamored of the truth to follow it for its own sake, we are not children of the light, however punctual we may be in the outward observances of the law.



END OF THE WORLD.

Original.

SOME works scarcely deserving the least attention, gain for themselves considerable notoriety by being sent forth to the world at a peculiar time, and feeding the elements of a popular excitement. Thus, when desperate and extraordinary efforts are made for a revival, a work containing a new application of the prophecies as predicting the end of the world near at hand, will become almost like a new revelation from heaven, and be a mighty engine of terror to the superstitious and credulous. Among the last wonders in the religious world, 'Miller on the prophecies' is not the least. Such is the novelty of the work and the ingenuity of the author, that his boldness has passed for truth with many, and

his assertions for arguments. He predicts the end of the world, or rather interprets prophecies as predicting the end of the world in 1842. In some places where great exertions have been put forth for a religious excitement, abridgments of this work have been made and published, and the timid and fearful have, in many instances, been alarmed and greatly terrified. Men have made use of the author's calculations in their public addresses, and have succeeded in terrifying the ignorant and superstitious by their declamations. We might, did we think it worth while, show this author's inconsistencies, and the daring manner in which he has made scripture bend to his theory. But our design in alluding to this work, was simply to class it with many others that have gone before it, and show, briefly, what fanciful ideas have been advanced in olden time in some of these works.

In the year 1212 it was prophesied by an ingenious second seer that the Mediterranean Sea would be dried up, and that believers could go to Jerusalem on foot. Italy, it is said, became crowded with German pilgrims, but the sea obstinately refused to depart.

In 1524 great terror pervaded all Europe, from the prediction of John Stoflerus, a mathematician and astrologer of Suabia, that a great deluge was approaching. Many of reputation as wise men coincided with him, and books on books were sent forth warning the people to prepare, and suggesting means of escape from the inundation. In France the terror was so great that many were near madness, and some built up arches to save themselves. President Auriol, of Thoulouse, built up four high pillars, with a boat at top; which, however, was not needed, as no deluge came. This prophet, however, nothing daunted though the stars were against him, continued to prophecy, and predicted the end of the world in 1586, which, we may conclude, did not take place.

A Lutheran divine, by the name of Michael Stifelius, in an arithmetical sermon, predicted the end of the world in 1533. He was preaching on the very day appointed, and his hearers in great terror, confiding in his correctness, when a fierce storm arose, with terrific thunder and lightning, which, with their fears, created inexpressible trouble. But soon the storm ceased, the winds were hushed, and the sky became serene. The people, made furious by the deceit practised on them, dragged the prophet from his desk, and beat him so severely as nearly to have

realized his prophecy, as far as himself was concerned.

Lord Napier, the inventor of the logarithms, was among those who prophesied of the end of the world at a certain time; but he, like many other enthusiasts, outlived his prediction.

In the year 1761 two men appeared in Cologne, who said that they came from Damascus. The Jesuits of that town went to them, and talked to them in Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Chaldaic; they answered in all languages. They said they were come, by order of Heaven, to turn men to repentance. They gave out that they were seven hundred years old! Among the rest of their prophecies, they predicted that Constantinople would be destroyed in 1766; the true God acknowledged by all nations, 1767; a valiant man give his testimony to it, 1768; England to be overflowed, 1769; an earthquake all over the world, 1770; the fall of the sun, moon and stars, 1771; the globe of the earth burnt, 1772; the universal judgment, 1773.

All these fanatics had their favorites for a season; and so long as superstition, ignorance, and the love of novelty reigns in the breasts of men, false prophets will arise and many follow them. And we are taught the constant necessity of disseminating true knowledge, and advancing that light which shall scatter all the darkness of superstition and spiritual ignorance from the human mind. God speed the conquests of truth!

Haverhill, Mass.

ED.



INFLUENCE OF UNIVERSALISM.

Original.

WE all know that Universalism is a doctrine that is everywhere spoken against. It has been branded with false epithets, it has been condemned unheard, and denounced as the legitimate child of the devil. We are told that it was preached by him, for the first time, in the garden of Eden, and that its licentious tendency has cursed the world ever since. While with the next breath they will tell us that it is a new doctrine, lately brought forth by the ingenuity of man. That Universalism was preached for the first time in the garden of Eden, I do not deny; but I am positive that the devil never preached it. For there never was a doctrine presented for the consideration of man, that exposed the treacherous arts of this arch fiend more than does Universalism. No man can be justified in his

evil deeds, under the cloak of this doctrine. For it points out the path in which we should walk, and teaches the inevitable consequences of going astray. Its motto is, do unto others as you would that others should do unto you. It breathes the spirit of universal benevolence, it is builded on the immutable purposes of God, and is revealed in the unerring standard of divine truth.

Says the apostle Paul, 'I exhort, therefore, that first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men. For kings, and all that are in authority, that they may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Savior, who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.' 1 Tim. ii. 1—4. Again, 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' 1 Cor. xv. 22. And, again, 'God hath highly exalted him, (Christ,) and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth: and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ was Lord to the glory of God the father.' Phil. ii. 9—11.

This, kind reader, is the language of an inspired penman. And yet we are told, in the presence of such plain testimony, that Universalism is licentious in its tendency. This is the oft repeated charge which is brought against the doctrine of Reconciliation. But how ridiculous and absurd! nothing could be more at variance with truth and reason than this. And admitting it to be true, (which we do not,) the fault is not in Universalism; for 'God hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence; having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself: that, in the dispensation of the fullness of times, he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in him.' Eph. i. 8—10. For my part I cannot see anything here that would open the flood-gates of iniquity upon community; for if there is, it does not appear that God could have exercised much *wisdom and prudence* in making known unto us the mystery of his will, inasmuch as the obvious truth contained in that revelation, it is said, tends to promote licentiousness.

But will man, frail, erring man, presume to bring this charge against God? this he must do

if he says that Universalism is a licentious doctrine; for St. Paul says, that 'the grace of God which bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared; teaching us, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior, Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works.' Titus ii. 11—14.

It was in view of this, that the apostle exhorted Titus to be faithful in the discharge of his duty; that he should 'speak the things which become sound doctrine; that the aged men be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity and in patience. The aged women, likewise, that they be in behavior as becometh holiness, not false accusers, not given to much wine, teachers of good things; that they teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed; young men, likewise, exhort to be sober-minded. In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works: in doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you. Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things; not answering again.' Titus ii. 1—9.

Yes, reader, this is the benign influence of Universalism. It is good for the aged, to comfort and console them in their old age, and smooth their pathway down the declivity of life. It is good for the young, to cheer them onward in the path of well-doing, and elevate their thoughts and their feelings, 'from nature up to nature's God.' It is good when the black waters of adversity roll in upon us, and the dark mist of despair rises on our mind—when those on whom we have placed our best affections, prove falsehearted and forsake us, or when by death they are torn from us; it is this alone that will bind up our broken hearts, and give quietness and peace to our troubled breasts. But, notwithstanding all this, we have those among us, who make loud and noisy professions of Universalism, and have made 'clean the outside of the cup and of the platter; but within they are full of all uncleanness;' their

'hearts are deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' They, indeed, come to us as friends and brothers, but they are nought but wolves in sheep's clothing; who, like Judas of old, will kiss us, and cry, hail, brethren! when, alas! it is only to betray us.

Universalism, so far from promoting licentiousness, teaches us that we cannot sin with impunity, but that he that doeth wrong must suffer for the wrong he hath done. That 'though the wicked join hand in hand, they will not go unpunished;' for 'God will by no means clear the guilty.' Universalism requires us to love God with all our might, mind, and strength, not to escape the just punishment due for our sins, but because he first loved us, and gave his only begotten son to die for us. It requires us to keep the commandments of God, not to appease his wrath, but because they are pure, enlightening the eyes. It requires us to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, as 'the Savior of all men, specially of those that believe,' and to live peaceably with all men as far as in us lies. Finally: it requires us to do all things contained in the precepts of our master for the very good reason that there is a rich reward in so doing.

Reader, this is the licentiousness of Universalism. May it soon cover the whole earth, as the waters now cover the mighty deep. When 'all shall know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest.' And when 'every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them,' shall be heard 'saying, Blessing and honor, and glory and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever.' Rev. v. 13. Search the scriptures and see if these things are indeed so. T. S. B.

Haverhill, Mass.



JULY.

Original.

THOU art my natal month, and I
Will welcome thee! although I know
The lights and shadows in thy sky,
Oft times a fearful grandeur throw
O'er nature's face—filling the shrinking soul
With awe for Him, whose power all things control.

I welcome thee! but not, alas!
As I have welcomed thee of yore;
The glorious hues of life are fast
Receding from my path; no more
Can my heart feel that rapturous glow,
Which early youth alone can know.

I welcome thee! but oh, where are
The offerings of my earlier years?
Where is the brow untouch'd by care?
Where are the eyes undimm'd by tears?
Where are my childhood's sunny gleams?
Where are my youth's bright golden dreams?

And where are they, the loved and lost,
Companions of my childish glee,
Have their bright hopes, like mine been cross'd,
And wreck'd on life's dark, troubled sea?
Have they, too, felt the ills of life,
Its cankering grief, and bitter strife?

But if thus lone and sad even now,
How will it be when I am old,
When time upon my cheek and brow,
The cares of added years has told?
Where will my weary head repose,
And find relief for all its woes?

Methinks I hear a voice reply:
The hand that fashioned thy young form,
And in thy helpless years was nigh,
To guard and shield thee from all harm,
Will not forsake thee in those years
When age shall fill thy mind with fears.

Then cease thy mumuring—Oh what are
The fading joys of life's short spring!
Can they with that pure bliss compare,
Where change, nor blight, nor withering,
Can never mar the spirit free—
The heir of immortality.

Hartford, Ct.

c.



THE VALUE AND POWER OF THE WORD OF GOD.

BY REV. THOMAS JONES.

Original.

JER. xxiii. 28. 29: 'The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; but he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully; what is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord. Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?'

IN the 13th chapter of Deuteronomy, the people of Israel are forbidden to hearken to any dreamer of dreams, pretending to prophecy, who would turn them away from the Lord God as made known unto them by the law and the prophets. According to the scriptures divine communications were often made in dreams; but how they were known to be divine by the persons that had them we are incapable of judging, never having had any prophetic dreams. The text applies itself to those who prophesied out of the imagination of their own hearts, and had no proof of the truth of their predictions, only that they were their impression, not by the force of reason, or sense of justice, but from their having formed such a notion of them as divine truth, which is no better than saying, 'we have dreamed, we have

dreamed.' This will apply, in this day, to those who can give no proof for the truth of their belief, but that it is a matter that impresses their minds. Concerning such, it may now be said, as in the days of Jeremiah, 'the prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream.'

As the holy scriptures, given by divine inspiration, are for our instruction in righteousness, we must so consider the text.

I shall not now inquire how this text was applicable to spurious prophets in the days of Jeremiah, but how the text may be justly applied in our own day. So will arrange it for consideration as follows.

First; the marked disparity here set forth, between a dream and the word of God, expressed by chaff and wheat.

Second; I will notice the power invincible here ascribed to the word of God. 'Is not my word like as a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces.'

1. The disparity between fancy and truth is very great; but not more than between truth self-evident to reason, or to our internal sense of justice, and imagination, or the traditions of ages, which have nothing in their support, but their antiquity. But antiquity has no strength in it to prove a sentiment true, or a practice right. For violence or oppression is old and of long standing; for the earth was filled with violence before the flood. And slavery, (buying men for money,) was in vogue as early as the days of Abraham; but there is nothing in reason nor justice that can justify slavery. If a man professing to preach the gospel, (say the gospel of free grace and universal salvation,) should come to a congregation and tell them a dream instead of preaching to them the gospel, it surely would be taking a liberty with a people no way sufferable. But suppose we say the dream shall stand for the imagination of a man's own heart, which reason and a sense of justice cannot sanction as true; I ask, would such a dream be less offensive to the ear of reason than a literal dream told as divine revelation, without any proof given thereof? Would not both be about equal absurdity in the ear and sight of reason?

The vast difference between a dream, or vision of the imagination, and the word of God, is here expressed by chaff and wheat. Chaff is the coat or covering in which the grain grows. In this coat or covering the grain lies concealed till trodden out. And considered in this sense, chaff

would stand for the figure or letter, and wheat for the substance, spirit, or meaning of such figure or letter. Jesus Christ, who spake as never man spake before, (no, nor since,) was misunderstood, more than once, in using a bold figure. When he said to his hearers, 'Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you,' they said with astonishment, 'How can this man give us his flesh to eat?' They understood Jesus Christ literally, and the letter which they gave his words, which were spirit and life, was worse than the chaff which concealed the wheat. In the same manner Nicodemus, a teacher of the law, misunderstood Jesus when he heard him assert, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;' and, therefore, said, 'How can a man be born when he is old?' &c.

Any imagination contrary to reason and justice may be compared to chaff, as of no more worth, morally, than chaff is compared with wheat, literally. By imagination is meant, whatever comes into the mind and is entertained as truth, which cannot be supported as such by reason and justice and the word of God. Wheat, here, is real truth, things as they are with God, touching our moral and eternal concerns, which the holy scriptures contain, and maintain as doctrine and precept, and which conscience can consent to as good.

If the doctrine and precepts of the book we call the Bible, were found, by impartial judgment, unreasonable, we should conclude them spurious. For we are assured that reason in us is the gift of God, as we are that eyesight is his gift. So every sentiment and precept found in any book must be tried by reason. And the only caution we need in such a trial, is, that our reason be impartial and unbiassed. For if our mind's eye be under the influence of prejudice, it is 'double,' and has not perfect sight. And the doctrine or word of God, contained in and maintained by the holy scriptures, is the doctrine of divine grace and love, maintaining that God is, in his own nature, good, infinitely good. That he devised the creation of man for no other purpose than to make him, ultimately, perfectly happy. That his wisdom and power will accomplish such a purpose. That his holiness, having abundant goodness, wisdom and power, will see every intelligent creature sinless and holy; for all things are to be subdued unto Christ, and there is to be nothing left not put under him.

All this doctrine is pure wheat—the bread of God given for the life of the world. But the doctrine contrary hereto, viz. that God is not naturally good; that he did not devise the creation of man principally to make him eternally happy, but to make a great number of the human race endlessly miserable; that he will not put forth his power to the uttermost to make mankind eternally happy and holy, only to a certain measured degree; so that his holiness, having goodness, wisdom and power, infinite, will not effect the holiness and happiness of all moral beings. This doctrine would be worse than chaff, this would be the tare which the unquenchable fire of divine truth must burn up. So the doctrine of limited good will in God to his offspring must be vanquished by his nature, all love, and his universal grace! By the universal redemption of man by Christ, from mortality, and all the ills thereunto belonging; by his death and resurrection from the dead. Prove this by the word of God, saying, God is love; He is good unto all; the God of the spirits of all flesh; Christ gave himself a ransom for all, a testimony in due time. Prove it by nature's laws, wherein God is impartially good to all creation. His sun shines equally bright and warm upon the slave as upon his master. His air flows salubrious equally for rich and poor. The water from the fountain or the river is equally sweet to both. Circumstances, by their industry, talents, or fortune, or by providence alone, have very differently placed mankind. The food of some and their clothing may be coarser than some others, their work harder, their language less refined, for which they may be no way blameable; they never had a chance perhaps, to be anything but what they are. If they had been given the advantages some have, they would have far outshone them.

The gospel is as free for one as another. And in the resurrection in the immortal state there will be no inferiority, but eternal, holy equality!

2. I am to notice the power invincible ascribed to the word of God. Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?

The prophet here appears to allude to some mode in vogue in his day, whereby the rock was easily broken to pieces. If we couple the fire with the hammer, as jointly used in breaking the rock to pieces in the day of the prophet, then we should be induced to suppose that reference is here had to some explosion made by fire, the re-

port of which may have been the hammer, that showed the rock broken to pieces.

If such an art was not then known, then it seems as if allusion was had to that voice of the Lord, spoken of, Psalm xxix, which brake the cedars of Lebanon. The lightning of the thunder, which, also, at times shivers the rock.

To such powerful, yea, invincible fire, is the word of God likened.

But here it may be asked, How, then, are men charged with resisting the word of God? To this it may be answered, the word of God has a common course of operation upon men, as an appeal or commendation to their reason or conscience. So the apostle said, 'Commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.' This kind of operation, by means of the dispensation of the gospel, may be resisted by men. So an apostle charged the unbelieving Jews of his day, saying, 'ye do always resist the holy spirit, as did your fathers so do ye.' But this was done through ignorance. They refused to consider the offered proof, so remained ignorant. For had the Jews known him, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. But a revelation of Christ in his glory, to a persecutor, would prove invincible even in his subjugation. So Saul of Tarsus became, hereby, a sincere disciple of Jesus. He did not, he could not, resist the vision of glory any more than a true freeman can become an enemy to liberty. The charms of liberty to a son of liberty are invincible, they cannot be resisted. And some day, the whole world is to be brought into such a situation as to behold the glory of the Lord, and its effect will be invincible. So we read in holy prediction; 'The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.' Saul of Tarsus resisted the testimony of the apostles, so far as known by him, and was present at the martyrdom of Stephen, consenting to his death; yea, so infatuated was he, that he thought he did God service thereby. What wrought the great change in his mind?

It was proved to him by miracle that Jesus of Nazareth was the Son of God! That God was with him, and in him, as much as it was proved to Moses, on Mount Horeb, that the God of Abraham was present in the burning bush, before which Moses fell prostrate and worshiped! What did he worship? Did he worship the fire? Did he worship the voice? I answer, he worshiped Jehovah in the fire, and in the voice!

The one he, (Jehovah,) put on as his appearance to Moses' eye, and by the voice, he spake in Moses' language to his ear. Moses respected his dress, and his voice, and gave them due honor, as used by Jehovah, but worshiped Jehovah as the Eternal Supreme. So we honor the one Mediator as the Son of God in human flesh made immortal! We worship the one Godhead in him, as Moses worshiped that invisible being in the fire!

But the person of Jesus of Nazareth appeared to Saul of Tarsus, on the way to Damascus, in more glory than did the burning bush on Horeb! A sight of Jesus in his glory made Saul an eternal friend. Yea, even Dr. Watts could say,

'If all the world my Savior knew,
Then all the world would love him too.'

Well, they shall all know him some day; they shall all see his glory.

And let me here say, if all who call themselves christians, saw the glory of Christ with the eyes of their understanding, they would more circumspectly conform themselves to his religion. They would break off from their sins, and turn unto the Lord with full purpose of heart. But a time is predicted in the holy writings, when all found upon earth at that period shall know God in his true character, and worship him and walk in his ways. To this latter day glory upon earth all christian denominations look with pleasure. They generally agree in this hope. But this great and wonderful reformation, regeneration of mankind, is to be wrought by the word of God; such is to be its energy upon our race. Circumstances, in the hand of providence, (for we do not know that miracle will be employed to effect it,) concurring to give the hearing ear. So we read, 'As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and watereth the earth that it may bring forth fruit, so shall my word be, that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it.'

Events to us unknown, may be employed to bring forth such an era upon earth. God, in his providence, is to turn unto the people a pure language—a pure, clear doctrine, so that they shall all seek the Lord with one consent. Perhaps to this it may be said, that such a universal reformation as the one contemplated by most christians, will not prove universal salvation—that every individual of Adam's race shall be saved. To this I answer, and say, such universal knowl-

edge of God upon earth, at some period contemplated will be accomplished by the efficacy of the gospel word, under the conduct of divine providence, rather than by any choice or will of mankind, as allowed by all christians.

Then the origin, constitution, and conducting of such a day, is acknowledged, by all christian names, to be eminently of God—of his contrivance and accomplishment, through the conduct of his providence.

And I would argue from a lesser to a greater, and say, 'To enlighten the whole world in one age, and to sanctify it by the knowledge of the truth of free grace, must be very eminently a work of God. Such an operation of God, by what means soever, will be a work of divine benevolence toward mankind. I mean to say, God will do this great thing in question, viz. enlighten and sanctify the whole world in one age, not to be an advantage to himself, not to make himself more glorious, for God is by nature infinitely glorious and perfect in himself. Then he produced mankind because he had a fulness of happiness to communicate to them. And the glorious predicted era of which we speak, when brought to pass, will be a divine act of beneficence toward mankind, proceeding from his own will to communicate good to his offspring. Do we ask why the Almighty permitted mankind to be overshadowed with the darkness of moral evil at all? We may boldly answer; not from any malignity in him towards man. It appears that man, while mortal, having the power of volition and action, must needs be fallible. There is none absolutely and necessarily good by nature but God. We do not mean to say that man is, by nature, wicked, as a lion is ravenous; but we say he is, necessarily, from his constitution, fallible. And, perhaps, we should not err if we were to say, God, in infinite wisdom and goodness, constituted the mortal, fallible state, to teach his offspring, more effectually, his absolute free grace. To teach them that creatures of intelligence and conscience, possessing the power of volition and action, and, withal, a prescribed law, will, notwithstanding, be fallible, till constituted by him immortal and impeccable. And such will be the resurrection state! It will be the image of the heavenly Triumphant! But the divine benignity prevails, in abounding goodness, over all human misery, so as to give man a jubilee upon earth by bringing forth the era predicted. And if God be so good to a world full of

people, at one time upon earth, having no inducement thereto but his own nature, why may he not, from the same goodness, make all mankind constitutionally immortal and impeccable, and by a revelation of his glory, actually holy and happy, for eternity to come? Yea, my friends, the gospel saith he will! Saying, 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive!' Nature echoes to the voice of revelation, and saith, God is good to all! Reason consents to the proposition of nature, and saith, that Almighty Being that made man, will and ought to care for him forever. And the holy scripture saith for God, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'

The gospel was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness, through their prejudice and ignorance. For to those of them who were called by its voice, it was perceived at once to be the wisdom of God, and the power of God. In them it was like a fire carrying all before it!

Let men, unprejudiced and uninterested, hear a clear statement of gospel truth, and they will become its friends. But it is readily confessed that few are found without prejudice and interest. So truth, divine truth, is not yet known but by few. 'Narrow is the way'—the doctrine that leads to life eternal—that gives the sure hope of immortal glory and bliss!

The truth of the gospel, where clearly perceived, has a powerful effect, as a theme, upon all its beholders. But this is not peculiarly wonderful. A true philosopher is mightily affected by his theme—nature—the machinery of nature! An artist, by his art! A patriot, by liberty! And the gospel being superior, as a theme, to anything ever known among men, affects its real friends very sensibly; and they are admonished to make it a stimulation to every good word and work.

So by the gospel theme believers are in favor of keeping the first day of the week as a Sabbath, in commemoration of Christ's resurrection from the dead, as the first fruits! For the spread of the knowledge of salvation—For truly moral pleasures and enjoyments. By the influence of the gospel theme, we are called to shun all evil, and to live righteously and soberly and godly in the present world.

May we all understand the true gospel, the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, proclaiming forgiveness of all sin, and eternal life in holiness and bliss, a free gift. Glory be to God. Amen.

Gloucester, Mass.

THE UNPROFITIOUS MUSE.

Original.

In vain I take my pen in hand,
In vain I woo the Muse,
Still she will veil her beaming brow,
And all her smiles refuse.

I have a mind to vex the lass
For floutings by the score,
And in her foolish rhyming way,
A word write never more.

I wish the good-for-nothing Miss
Would cease to trouble me;
And wend her to Parnassian haunts,
Or Fount of Castalie—

And there Apollo keep the nymph—
Who now mine ire provokes—
From coming here with witching wiles
To bother sober folks.

M. A. D.

Hartford, Ct.



REMEMBERED MUSIC.

Original.

'The music we were wont to love
In days of bliss gone by,
In after years, the soul can move
Almost to agony.'

How MYSTERIOUS is the effect of music on its lovers! It seems not like that evanescent thing we know it to be, but a something tangible, pressing down upon the heart. It touches a nerve which is inaccessible to everything else, and wakes it to pleasure or sadness, according to its nature. The tunes my mother sung when I was a child! Oh, I shall never forget them! She sung Windham often, to the old, unmusical words:

'Broad is the road that leads to death.'

I do not know whether the music or the words reached that nerve which now thrills whenever I hear it sung; but I recollect, how at one time, I could not avoid shedding tears, and how to conceal my feelings, I went to my room and prayed that I might be a good girl; whether that I might thus escape the 'broad way,' or for the sake of goodness, I cannot now determine. I shall never sing that air, or hear it sung, without thinking of my mother. Even now, while she is spared to me, the recollection of it brings sadness. She was a believer in the doctrine of endless misery, and I think she must have appeared sad while singing it, and thus awakened a sympathy in my young mind, which is ever associated with a remembrance of it.

Perhaps she sung it when I had grieved her by my disobedience or inattention to her instruc-

tions. If so, and a hearty repentance can atone for my ingratitude, I have long since been forgiven. And I know I have. Mother says I have always been a good girl until within a year or two ; now I am so rude, she does not know what to do with me. Did she not 'see through a glass darkly,' she would feel as I do, that this failing is but one of many, which although they may not be as easily detected, are far less pardonable. I am rude I know, but time will work a cure for this soon enough. He is already beginning to do it. He has cut down a brother who was everything to me ; and the thought of his goodness, of his death, so sudden, so unexpected, comes over me with its saddening hallowing influence, whenever I would be gay. One evening we sung together his favorite :

'So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Frail smiling solace of an hour,
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasures only bloom to die.'

The next he was a corpse.

'I wish I could sing well,' he said, as he concluded. We little thought that wish of his, so often and so ardently expressed, would so soon be gratified. Now he can indeed sing well : 'The ransomed of the Lord shall return with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.'

Employment worthy of heaven ! delightful even here ! But 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the joy' it must afford, in that world where 'death shall be no more.' Then I will not wish my brother back again ; it were selfishness to do so ; although there was a delicacy, a tenderness, and I will add a *weight* in his friendship, for which I shall seek in vain in that of all others.

E. J. C.

Amoskeag, N. H.



INFLUENCE OF INFIDELITY.

Original.

NOTWITHSTANDING the past happiness of our much loved country, and its present exalted station among the nations of the earth, have we not reason to fear for its future welfare and glory, when we see those sentiments extending in it, which caused such universal ruin in France ? And is it not the solemn duty of every christian and philanthropist, to ask himself, 'What can I do to stay the progress of infidelity ? And not only to ask himself that question, but to practise

those christian graces and virtues which are enjoined upon him in that holy book, which he professes to take as his guide. By so doing he would check the tide of infidelity in its fearful course, and would present an irrefutable argument in favor of christianity, which its enemies could not gainsay, nor resist.

We need only go back to the dark epoch of the reign of terror in the ill-fated land of France, to see the effects of the withering touch of infidelity. There it was unmasked, and showed itself in its true colors. There the abolition of the christian era was declared. 'Death is an eternal sleep !' was written over their sepulchres, and the polluted soil stained with the innocent blood of thousands. A dark, portentous cloud hung over that unhappy country, threatening to deluge it with universal ruin. The very flood-gates of iniquity were thrown open, and it seemed as though the cruel and impious hand of frail, deluded man, could not be guilty of crimes sufficiently flagrant to satiate his madness. The bold and daring arm of the blasphemer was stretched forth to desecrate the temples, and a vain, polluted human being introduced into one, and worshiped as the 'goddess of reason,' thenceforth to be the object of adoration for that unhappy people. And thus a civil, political, and religious revolution swept over that once prosperous and delightful country, converting it from a blooming paradise into a moral desolation, stained with the foulest crimes.

What short of ruin can we expect of infidelity ? There is misery in its very name. A cold chill runs through the heart at the bare sound of it. 'To utterly die,' to sink down into the silent tomb, 'to be absolutely no more,' what soul can endure the thought without a shudder ? The idea is degrading to man. It brings him down to a level with the brute. It removes the greatest barrier to vice, by teaching us that there is no moral Governor of the universe, under whose all-seeing eye we are constantly acting, and to whom we are accountable. It robs us of the blissful hope of life and immortality, in return for which it presents us nought but the dreary prospect of a speedy shipwreck on the barren shoals of annihilation.

Wretched, indeed, must be the recipient of this delusive error. All nature smiles around him, but not for him. His breast is a cold, barren, desolate void, which the sun of hope can neither warm nor illuminate. He gazes with a despair-

ing look, upon the broad and verdant landscape, as it lies spread out before him in all its loveliness—he walks forth in the mellow twilight of evening under the bright canopy of heaven—he looks with admiration, but not with joy, upon the orient king of day, as he rises, as it were, from the bosom of the ocean, dispelling with his cheering rays, the gloom of night; but, alas for him! no beam of light penetrates the darkness, which broods over his heart; anxiety and doubt prey there, like a corroding canker, fast hastening him to that ‘bourn from which no traveler returns.’ With a heavy heart he sees beloved friends prostrated one after another, and consigned to the cold and silent tomb before him. And at last feels the palsy arm of death laid upon himself. The beauties of earth recede from his sight, and leave nothing but the gloomy thought of one long, dark, and dreamless night, to support his famishing soul. Even the tender solicitude of the beloved objects of his affections, serves only to aggravate his miseries. The anxious look, the careful step, the silent whisper, the stifled sob, the half suppressed sigh, the trickling tears, admonish him that his end draws nigh—that those silken cords, which bind them to his heart, are shortly to be severed, and that he is to bid them a long, a lasting, and an eternal farewell. Bitter, indeed, is his cup! Were worlds at his command, gladly would he give them at this trying hour for one faint hope that he should again be reunited to his friends, in a land where death could never enter to mar their joys. But in vain does he seek for that consolation. Faith is a stranger to his breast. He has mocked at the subject of religion, until his heart has become callous to all evidence, and now when the benign voice of that heavenly messenger is needed, its sweet influence is not felt upon his despairing soul. With a desponding and agonized heart he sees the grim monster approaching, and feels his palsy touch, as he clasps him in his cold embrace, to sink him down into the dark, unknown, and dreary abyss.

No ray of hope beams upon his benighted soul; no beacon light gleams across the Jordan of death to alleviate his sufferings in his last sad, solemn hour; he sees no kind Father waiting to receive him with smiles beyond the shores of mortality; no kindred spirits in the land of bliss standing ready to welcome him among their happy number; but in darkness, sorrow, and doubt, he has bid adieu to the scenes of time, and sunk down

into eternal forgetfulness. Thus, all that was once fair and lovely has perished.

But is it so? Can it be possible that death is an eternal sleep? No, blessed be God, the voice of reason, of nature, and of revelation, says it is false, for man shall arise by the power of the resurrection, to glories immortal, to bliss ecstatic, to joys unfading. Yes, the very heart of man pronounces it false, else—

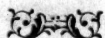
‘Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or, whence this *secret dread and inward horror*
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
’Tis the *divinity* that stirs within us:
’Tis *heaven itself* that points out an *hereafter*,
And intimates eternity to man.—
The soul secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in *immortal youth*
Unhurt, amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.’

Pause, then, ye who are laboring to persuade men that they are no more than the brutes that perish. Consider what you are to give them in exchange for the blissful hope of life and immortality. Why would ye persuade them to cast away the anchor of life, and sail the tempestuous ocean of time without chart or compass? O, beware! we entreat you, lest ye with them, make shipwreck upon the quicksands of despair. Parents, as you value the happiness of your children, guard them against the inroads of infidelity. Teach them to shun its baneful and man-dishonoring sentiments, as they would the blasting sirocco; for they would convert a blooming paradise into a moral desolation. Youths, do you regard your own happiness? Do you wish to glide smoothly down the stream of life fanned by the gentle breeze of faith, and to lie down at last, in calm repose upon the bed of death, sustained by the cheering hope that the sleep in which you are shortly to repose, is not eternal, but that you are soon to awake on the happy shores of immortality, there to sing in the hallowed streets of the New Jerusalem, ‘The song of Moses and the Lamb!’ Do you wish to exchange this bright and glorious prospect, which you view by the eye of faith, for the dark and gloomy forebodings of annihilation, which will render life itself irksome, and the thought of death intolerable? Beware, then, of the syren song of infidelity, lest your exit be like Voltaire’s, whose dying breath was employed in heaping curses upon his pretended, though false, friends.

Christian friends and brethren of America, are we what we profess to be? Are we christians, are we philanthropists, are we patriots? Are our breasts warmed and expanded with benevolence? Is the love of this republic deeply rooted in our hearts? Do we regard her welfare with a watchful and a jealous eye? Then let us awake to a sense of duty. 'Let us, therefore, cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light. Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ,' and let us walk in his spirit; by so doing we shall check the tide of infidelity, and shall save our happy and beloved country from the storm which is gathering over it with awful blackness, threatening to burst upon our heads, and to engulf us in the same direful calamities which overtook unhappy France.

Woburn, 1838.

A. S. K.



TAKE BACK THY HEART.

Original.

TAKE back thy heart! young maiden fair,
The gift has not been wisely given:
Oh! take it back, and place it where
With earthly woes 'twill ne'er be riven.

Yes, take it back in all its young
And glorious imaginings;
Oh! take it, ere stern grief hath wrung
One burning drop from its deep springs.

Recall it, ere love's magic charm
Too deeply shall its power entwine;
Oh! take it, pure, and fresh, and warm,
Fit offering for a holier shrine.

For why should earthly passion dim
The soul, in its bright purity?
Or why should earth-born pleasures win,
And chain the mind to vanity!

Let that undying flame of love,
Which glows within thy youthful heart,
Return to the great Fount above,
From whence it sprang, ne'er more to part.

Hartford, Ct. June 1838.



QUIETING REFLECTIONS.

Original.

WE know it is as much impossible for us to comprehend, perfectly, the greatness and goodness of our Creator, as it is to hold the sea in the hollow of our hand. Of God it may be justly said,

he is both well known to, and concealed from us; He is very nigh and yet infinitely beyond us. It is on this account that our duty prompts us often to meditate on his wisdom, goodness and greatness, as displayed in the construction of the universe and in the arrangement of our globe, and manifested even in the formation of the smallest flower, and felt and enjoyed by every living thing that breathes and moves on the face of all the earth. And shall man refrain from contemplating to his improvement this vast system of universal goodness? To be sure, this life is a mixed state of uncertainties and vicissitudes, of anxieties and fears; the prosperity of none is permanent; and how can the mind be more suitably prepared to meet the vicissitudes of life, than by a knowledge from whence they proceed? There are various subjects which, if contemplated aright, will lead the mind to this desirable knowledge.

Through every age of the world power has endeavored to remove adversity to a distance; philosophy has studied when it drew nigh to conquer it with patience; and wealth has sought out every pleasure that can alleviate pain. But all to little or no purpose. Let the mind become convinced that all the vicissitudes of earth are the effects of a scheme of infinite goodness, and it will have a help to sustain the shock of adversity far surpassing all human inventions.

When we can realize a kind and gracious purpose in every combination of circumstances, and, wherever we find ourselves, to know we have a destination and duty, that every event has a tendency and aim—nothing accidental, nothing without a purpose, nothing unattended with benevolent consequences; then we are enabled to find light in darkness, and the truest source of strength and contentment. There is much in the study of nature to suggest thoughts of an elevating and quieting character. When, after the winter has passed and the flowers appear, we listen, with rapturous delight, to nature's happy chorus, we wonder at, and admire, the providential care and kindness of their Creator, who has tuned their voices with so much melody to his praise; or when we think of the birds of passage, that wing their way through an unmeasurable void, through what a vast tract and undiscovered paths, they seek their distant food—with what love and gratitude should we not reflect, that if He, in mercy, has become their pilot and guide, how much more will he prove to us a sure and never-failing protector! and when we turn our eyes to

earth, its falling leaves and fading aspects, its gathering gloom and treacherous meteors, and from thence to that great and glorious arch where burn the steady lamps of heaven, we are almost instinctively reminded that here our days are numbered, that on this low planet brief is the time the oldest being lives, and that, passing from this transitory state, we are destined to pursue our course in regions of ever-enduring light, in worlds of never-changing beauty. I know there are times when even the loveliness of creation gives but a deep feeling of anguish to the mourner's mind; yet it is but the weakness of humanity. In hours like these, let us steadily raise our eyes to heaven, and the gloom of sorrow will pass away. Amidst the desolation of the heart there is a peace which none but the christian knows. Time may soften the powerful throbbings of grief, but true religion possesses a power to extract its sharpest thorn, and to heal its deepest infliction. A firm and unwavering confidence in the goodness and mercy of our heavenly Father will infuse into the agonized spirit a peace dearer by far than all earthly joys; it teaches the heart that, fair as the scenes of earth may be in our hours of gladness, dear and delightful as are its joys, there are fairer and brighter scenes beyond. The charms with which our heavenly Father has decorated this place of our existence, are but faint displays of his power and goodness; and earth, though it were clad in the drapery of perpetual spring, would be but the pathway to a brighter world.

The contemplation of scenes and subjects like these, produce feelings in the mind that belong more to heaven than earth. We can see nothing but what is consistent with divine love in the vast chain of human events. In view of this the heart expands with thankfulness and praise that regions of superior bliss are prepared for the vast family of man; that all shall be gathered in Christ and made partakers of this heavenly inheritance, this Eden of immortality, where an unfading spring forever blooms and the winter of death will never come. The soul exults in meditating on the greatness and goodness of the Most High, and such sublime meditations delightfully exercise our spiritual faculties. We are filled with reverence, admiration and joy, when, in a holy transport, we present to our mind the Being of beings, the Eternal, the Almighty, and the Infinite, as our Father, and we cannot refrain from exclaiming with ecstasy, The Lord he is God!

The Lord he is God! Give glory to him forever!

Charlestown, Mass.

L. M.



AMBITION.

Original.

ALEXIS WILLOUGHBY was a native of one of our large cities. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and he received an education commensurate with their standing in society. He early displayed those hankerings after greatness which have so often blasted the promise of ingenuous youth, and written the history of the man in letters of blood. He read of the great men of ancient times, and panted like them to gain a name which should live after him. Like all who are under the influence of selfish ambition, he was not scrupulous about the means by which he should arrive at distinction, nor did he take into the estimate the number who must suffer in order that he should triumph. He sometimes thought of obtaining glory on the field of battle. He watched the brilliant career of Napoleon—he read of his victories, he listened to the praises which were heaped upon that prince of murderers, and longed to hear his own name repeated with equal applause. He went to a fencing academy and learned the use of the small sword. He acquired a smattering of military tactics, and conversed with old soldiers about the manner in which ‘fields were lost and won.’ He began already to esteem himself a great man in embryo, and thought that nothing but a pair of epaulettes was wanting to make him a second Marlborough. But, at about this time, he read an account of the battle of Waterloo, and the total defeat of the French emperor. He followed him, in imagination, to the island of St. Helena, and saw his mighty spirit chafing in fetters. His mind then took a new direction. He had heard a friend of his extolled for his political knowledge, and he had heard it predicted that this friend would one day be a member of Congress. At once he fancied himself the future president of the United States; and declared that as there was *unfortunately* no war in these ‘piping times of peace,’ to give him an opportunity of distinguishing himself, he would turn his mind wholly to politics, and he made no doubt that he should soon reap great success. His friends extolled his resolution, and considered him a youth of bright promise who would one day be an honor

to his country. He procured all the political pamphlets he could find, read the newspapers, and studied elocution. He frequently held forth half an hour at a time to the cabbages in his father's garden, in order to accustom himself to speaking in public, and to give him confidence to address the assembled Congress of the United States. Of the proficiency he made I am not about to speak, and much doubt my ability to do it justice, as the public never had an opportunity of judging, unless his debut at a caucus may be regarded as such. He did, on one occasion, prepare a speech, and deliver it to a motley group of men in a little hall where the affairs of the nation were frequently discussed. He procured some applause, but as he perceived that all who followed him were likewise applauded, he could not yet consider himself a very distinguished personage. He also perceived that the speakers were applauded not so much for what they said as for who they were. Alexis entered into conversation with some of the foremost politicians present, and made them acquainted with some of the great principles of government which he imagined would acquire for him the reputation of a Solon; but he was scarcely attended to. He was answered with an account of the birth, parentage and education of the men who were destined to be run at the election, and he soon discovered that more was thought of the *men* than their principles. They also divulged to him some of the little arts by which they were going to secure the election of these men; and mentioned some trifling local advantages which would result from getting them into office. Alexis was surprised at the littleness of their views, the illiberality of their feelings, and the want of honesty which their speech betrayed. He told them it appeared to him that they were aiming to elect their officers by trick and fraud, and said that he should not think any high minded man would be willing to accept of an office, unless he was certain that a majority of the voters did, without bias or favor, freely give their suffrages on his behalf. The politicians smiled at the simplicity of the youth, and told him that he was young yet and did not understand trap—that every great man acquired his high standing by stratagem, and that all was fair in politics.

Alexis turned away from these men in disgust, and resolved that he would no longer make politics his study. He determined to follow a road to ambition less tinctured with deceit and preju-

dice. He, therefore, resolved to try the flowery paths of literature. The names of Byron, Scott, and Channing were now in his mouth continually. He procured busts of the two former individuals and placed them in his chamber, as if by looking upon them he should, in time, become transmuted into a great genius. He applied himself to study, and whenever he heard of a self-made man, it inspirited him to pursue the path of learning with greater diligence than ever.

At length he took up his pen and wrote a long article for a newspaper. He copied it, with the utmost care, upon a sheet of straw-colored paper, and purchased a new stamp, with a motto upon it, in order to render the seal as imposing as possible. He carefully folded the paper, and imprinted the motto upon the yielding wax. He then directed it in a neat hand, and dropped it in the letter-box at the post office. He did not sleep that night he was so anxious to hear what should be said the next day about *his* article in the Post. On the next morning the Post came out as usual. He hurried to the newspaper office, to purchase a dozen numbers. On his way thither he imagined that every one was looking at him—that he was already suspected of being the author. He met one of his friends near the door of the publishing office. His friend perceived a certain wildness in his eyes—a sort of lofty stare which betokened that he was embarked in deeds of high emprise, and consequently looked at him rather steadily. This was not unobserved by Alexis, who said, 'So you have seen it, have you?'

'Seen what?' said the other.

'No matter,' replied Alexis, breaking away from his friend, and then turning he added, with a mysterious air, 'No matter what. My lips shall be dumb as marble. The community may guess and wonder, but the author's name shall not be revealed by me!'

Alexis then darted into the newspaper office, and left his friend in the street, wondering whether our hero had not taken leave of his wits. Alexis purchased twelve copies of the Post, and hastened home to read his piece where there should be none to interrupt him. He locked the door of his chamber that no one might break in upon his contemplations. He spread out the newspaper before him. He turned it over and over, and saw nothing of his piece. He was amazed; but he at length detected in one corner, a note by the editor, signifying that the commu-

nication signed A. W. had been received, but that the author had better try his hand at some other business, as he would never make a writer. Nothing could equal his chagrin. He threw away his books and papers, and, for a whole week, wandered about the city scarcely knowing or caring what he did, and where he went. But as he chanced to pass by a store around which were placed large tables of books for sale, he tarried to look over some of them. His eye lit upon a collection of histories of self-taught men, and as he glanced through the pages he found that the lives of them all—some the most honorable—were characterized by patient industry and perseverance. His mind took a new turn. He now saw the right path to distinction, and he resolved to labor industriously in a humble way. He was now prospered of heaven. His ambition was to be good and useful, and he understood that true greatness is the greatness of moral worth.

Merit did not long remain concealed. He was drawn out into public activity by the call of his fellow-citizens, and his prudent counsels were received with deference. He became the husband of one rich in goodness, in mental, moral and personal accomplishments, and who was deeply imbued with the generous spirit of christianity.

Alexis and his bride retired from the busy world, and reared a pleasant cottage on the banks of a large river, in a most romantic spot, where they taste not only all the rational pleasures of this life, but also cultivate those virtues and those feelings which are destined to bloom forever in their native skies. Alexis no more struggles to gain a great name on the earth, believing that it is of more consequence to be pure in the sight of angels, than powerful in the eyes of men. His days glide peacefully and sweetly away, and the cherished flower of his bosom is daily and hourly blessed by all the poor who come within the circle of her influence. She was also ambitious—but hers was that lofty ambition that gazes on the realms of perennial joy—the dwelling of perfected spirits.

Boston, Mass.

ESKA.



'In an uncertainty whether or not you ought to extend succor, grant it. It can only expose you to the error that is least subject to repentance. But avoid imitating those individuals who are always fearful of being deceived by those who solicit their pity.'

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

BY MISS N. THORNING.

Original.

AND thou art wondrous fair
Thou Ocean, when the roseate light of morn
Tinges thy sleeping waters, and the warm,
The pure and sunny air
Floats o'er thy azure breast, so deeply blue,
It seems as if our eyes could look, e'en through
Its secret depths, and see what's hidden there.

Who knows what's hidden there?
Who knows what secret stores of gems and gold
Are shining 'neath thy waves, while still untold
Have perished trophies fair
Of victory, of wars and conquests proud,
While thy dark waves e'en as a funeral shroud
Have closed o'er scenes of terror and despair.

Yet what are gems and gold?
Of what avail is all the wealth which gleams
From thy dark caves? e'en like those fairy dreams
Which to our sight unfold
A scene of radiant splendor,—but we wake,
Tis but a dream—the charmed illusions break—
And we realities, not dreams behold.

E'en so it is with thee;
The ruby's ray may flash amid thy caves,
And gold and gems be hidden 'neath thy waves,
But sadder things there be;
Yea sad and deep, and with a sigh we turn
From thoughts of wealth, to other thoughts, as stern
As is thy mournful, stormy roar, thou sea!

Yea, even thoughts of death
Come o'er us as we gaze; thoughts of brave souls
Who darkly perished where thy wild wave rolls;
Their last, last lingering breath
Was borne upon thy darkly rushing wave,
But O, there was no human hand to save,
And now they sleep; the billowy deep beneath!

Yes, there they calmly sleep,
The brave, who perished in war's conflict dire,
Amid the cannon's roar, and battle fire
Of death: upon the deep,
They fought their last dread fight; and bravely died,
Leaving their deeds to swell a nation's pride,
While o'er their heads thy waves a requiem keep.

Upon my aching sight,
A vision bursts,—e'en of dark, fearful storms
Of terror and of dread, where human forms
Are hurrying through the night,
And shrieks are borne upon the rushing blast!
And then, a fearful silence—all is past!
Nought now impedes the billows' stormy might!

And thy dark waves can tell
Of scenes both high and daring, where o'er death
Strong love has triumphed, and the last faint breath
In words of comfort fell:
And where the prayer arose in midnight's gloom,
When dark and fearful seemed the coming doom,
And thy deep roar was as a funeral knell.

Beneath thy rushing tide
Lies beauty's form; e'en mid thy gems and gold
She calmly sleeps; a form of purest mould
Is resting by her side,

A cherub babe ! Love, e'en in that dark hour
Of bitterest agony, strong was thy power,
And in thy wreathing grasp, that fair babe died.

And these, O haughty deep !
These are thy treasures—hearts whose brightest morn
Is clouded, hearts that long, full long have borne
With sorrow ; and they sleep,—
Their graves are mid the palaces of old,
Their monuments are buried gems and gold,
But ne'er can love, o'er them her vigils keep.

Yet roll thou proudly on,
Though thou hast rendered sad full many a hearth,
And checked the lightsome step, and song of mirth
By thy own mournful tone ;
Though woman's eye may wear a deeper shade
When resting on thy waters, which hath made
Her home so desolate, her heart so lone.

Let storms and tempests wake !
Their might we know is fearful. Ocean roar !
And let the clouds a mighty deluge pour,
Let earth's foundations shake ;
We fear not now, but firmly trust that word
Which came in love, and which the billows heard ;
We trust in Him, who died e'en for our sake.

For by the hearts who mourn
O'er love departed,—by the bitter cry
Which oft has risen to the midnight sky,—
By all that hearts have borne,—
And by the glorious hope to mortals given,
We trust, e'en with the holy trust of heaven,
That with our God we all shall find a home.

Charlestown, June 1838.



THE DEVELOPEMENT OF THE SOCIAL PRINCIPLE.

Original.

It would seem from observation and experience, that man possessed a strong desire, or propensity, to attach himself to his fellow-man. Whether this be innate or not, it is certainly early in its manifestations, inasmuch as we see its operations during the period of childhood. This may, however, in a great measure grow out of circumstances, for habit may create that, which would seem to be an inherent principle. Nor would it perhaps be at all interesting to my readers, or afford them any gratification, could I establish the fact one way, or the other. It is enough that we can perceive that this principle is strong and active in the human breast, always tending to motion, which if not limited in its operations by local circumstances, or restricted in its influence by adverse causes, will invariably spread itself over a large field, embracing in its spirit a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Various indeed are the causes which prompt him to this act, founded upon the wants of the social man ; more especially since the gratification of

those wants, adds much to the sum total of human happiness. We are indeed social beings, designed of God to be the promoters of each others interest and happiness ; and when our minds and hearts have been duly cultivated, and imbued with that ' wisdom which is from above,' we are eminently fitted for this purpose.

Our mutual dependance on each other in the affairs of life, arising from the nature of society, and our own natural wants, serves in a great measure, to fit our minds for that closer and purer union, which we call friendship. We cannot endure the toils and ills of life, the scorn and indifference of the world, without those sympathies and encouragements which friendship alone can offer. It were impossible for man to exist, and find that existence a blessing, without seeking the friendship of some one, with whom he could unburden his mind, and impart his thoughts and his feelings. If the wide world, however, does not contain a human being upon whom to fix his attachment through misanthropic feelings, he will, without doubt, descend and find fellowship with something that has life and motion. One cannot well contain his thoughts be they grievous or joyous, without calling upon, if not animate, at least inanimate objects to share his emotions. So true it is, that with the overflow of our feelings, we find relief and pleasure, in communing with things around us. The lover of nature experiences this when he views her matchless beauties, and is led in the fulness of his emotions, from nature to nature's God.

But the regard which we all have for our own happiness, would lead us to guard against every means which would tend, in the least, to mar that happiness. And the known injury which is done to one's feelings and health, when the mind is left to prey upon itself in the hour of trial and grief, should lead us to seek the friendship of those who could heighten joy in the season of gladness, and impart comfort in the season of adversity. The ancients knew full well the force of the inward feelings, their destruction alike of health and happiness if left to prey upon themselves ; and hence the saying of Pythagoras, ' Cor ne edito,' eat not the heart ; meaning thereby that he, that will not confide his thoughts and feelings to a friend, is a cannibal of his own heart. And true it is, that he who has a friend adds much to his own health and happiness ; for his emotions be they joyous are increased, or grievous are diminished.

There is, I think, something pure and noble in an attachment, where the individuals are drawn together by a common interest, and united in sentiment, in faith, and the pursuit of every ennobling object. Striving with a generous spirit of emulation to adorn and improve their own lives, and exert a beneficial influence upon society. A doubt there cannot be, but they are forwarding their own true interest and happiness, as well as promoting the good of society. For a principle so fraught with individual welfare and happiness, must surely have a powerful influence over society. For what is society, but a connection of individuals, drawn together by local circumstances, and acted upon by mutual sympathies and feelings. It is indeed the operation of this principle upon society, in its various relations, that forms in fact the chief support of our social and civil compact. Expanding in its influence it leads invariably to that happy concentration of effort and purpose, which serves to advance the cause of human happiness, and national prosperity.

Mankind are not, however, equally affected by this principle, as we can all perceive; for some are reserved and morose, whilst others are open, free, and companionable. But this will not detract from the established and general action of this principle, for counteracting causes exist in all human affairs. But we need no very doubtful criterion, nor one that would be at all difficult for us to form our estimate of the action of this principle, for if we are entitled to the least discernment, we shall invariably fix upon one, whose disposition is humane and generous, and who always evinces a love for every object, that has in prospect the amelioration of the human family, and the promotion of good to the greatest number. When other circumstances concur, as active benevolence and true reverence of Deity, we see moving under this combined influence, such men as Howard, Oberlin and Wilberforce.

But it has not always been the case, however, that mankind have been the better for its influence; for to render it of that vast utility and beneficence of which it is capable of being the contributor, other circumstances must operate and harmonize, to render it of goodly purport. If there can be any doubt as to the truth of this last proposition, let us refer at once to the record of all past actions and events.

From the primitive formation of society, which was undoubtedly the result of various causes, springing at first from the action of this principle,

and then again from the necessity of an union for mutual protection and support, it will be seen that this principle has swayed the actions of men, as attending circumstances favored the development of its influence. These little communities soon swelled into mighty nations, as population advanced, and perhaps the subjugation of some weaker neighbor; for the political maxim of 'might makes right' has ever had its influence in the councils of the strong. Individuals, acting under these various orders of society, were undoubtedly drawn together, and a mutual feeling, growing out of an unity of pursuit, habit and interests, was formed, which served to cement and strengthen the bond of fellowship, as well as to advance that people in civilization. Mankind are more disposed to move in unison, as civilization advances, and the attendant causes soften and harmonize the grosser feelings and prejudices which exist in a condition less civilized. Nations in a savage state, do not possess this principle in its full development; for being mostly scattered over a widely extended territory, they have not that union, which serves to cultivate this principle, but act, as it were, independent of each other in their every day pursuits. The tendency of this isolated state is, to mar the better feelings from a full development of these principles.

But of the state of society of the ancients, which will determine the activity of true friendship, there was much that betokened a low state of moral feeling, and a disposition throughout, of promoting one's own interest, unscrupulous of the rights of others. Even during the most exalted periods of Greece and Rome, nations, which were undoubtedly the most elevated in the scale of mental improvement and of civilized enjoyment, there were too many lamentable pictures of human wretchedness and wo; the direct result of that state of sensual fascination, which pervaded all ranks in society. For who could expect a high tone of moral sentiment, and a right consistency of purpose, when the very lights of the age—the beacons amid the mind's journeyings,—those men whose minds radiated and sparkled with the gems of ancient erudition, even *they* present a wretched picture of gross immorality in their private walks in life. Some to their everlasting shame, taught publicly that the commission of some crimes was not dishonoring or immoral, which serves but to show that that state of society must indeed be low, in a moral point of view, that would countenance and sup-

port the promulgation of such licentious sentiments. An eminent historian has observed that, 'in no period of Grecian history does there appear to have existed that virtuous age, which many are accustomed to describe more in the spirit of poetical romance, than of historical truth. The standard both of public and private morality, in all the states and at all times, was low.' Mitford has also observed, 'it is evident, from the writings of Xenophon and Plato, that, in their age, the boundaries of right and wrong, justice and injustice, honesty and dishonesty, were little determined by any generally received principles.' And what is here said in regard to Grecian history, may with equal propriety be said of Rome.

It cannot, therefore, be expected, that a principle of true friendship, a principle than which, none other contributes so much to human happiness regulated by proper motives; nor that the endearing ties of social life, with all its pleasant associations—its cherished scenes, where all is peace and harmony, joy and love, could have been cultivated or been of that usefulness, of which we see this principle so active a producer, at the present day: And what has effected this mighty change in the state of society? What has exerted this wonderful power to move the human mind to effect its feelings—its habits—and its purposes? Observe to what degree the feelings of reciprocal attachment are cultivated and cherished,—that we are bound by the indissoluble bonds of fellowship, encouraging and assisting each other in the performance of the various duties of life! Observe too, the state of society, in our own happy land, and is not the state of morals more pure—its people more happy and virtuous? Why is this so? Who can hesitate to say that christianity has wrought this mighty change! Yes, it is christianity, that lever that has moved, and continues to move, the moral universe! And if in a sound state of morals, there is aught that is beneficial to society—that would make its people more happy—increase the enjoyments of life,—and if, too, there is aught in virtue that is commendable—that elevates the character of its possessor—that adorns the mind and gives it a superiority over the mind enervated by licentiousness, then I would ask, if the cause, which has produced these mighty results, is not one, which must needs receive our support and devotion to its principles? It has ever been in its purity the active agent in directing and harmonizing that

principle, which leads to friendship, to social harmony, and to a well ordered and virtuous community.

But there have been times, and their shadows still dim the moral horizon, when the human mind has been in greater bondage; when the morals of the community were as corrupt; when vice predominated over virtue, and selfishness over philanthropy and love; and that too, under what has been falsely called christianity. But thanks be to God! we live in an age when the mind is fast awakening in its strength to assert its freedom to act, and to think upon all subjects. When investigation is fast sweeping into oblivion the creeds and traditions of men, and we are coming to learn of the true character of God, and of his government, in the volume which he has given us: and to place our hopes for ourselves, and the family of man upon his gracious promises.

In the study of the character of Christ, as connected with his religion, we find much for our imitation. Throughout his sojourn here, he was emphatically the friend of man. His whole life was one continued act of benevolence,—healing the sick and infirm, comforting the afflicted, and alleviating the sufferings of humanity, in all its varied forms. We do indeed admire that spirit of philanthropy and love, which was as an ever-flowing fountain gushing from his heart. And how beautiful an example he has left us of the cultivation of love, an affection towards one another! Who has not read of that interesting occasion of the washing of the disciples feet, and not felt the force of these words,—'I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.*' In the contemplation of such noble examples, if we profit by them, selfishness must fast lose its hold upon the heart; bitterness, and envyings, and strifes, be banished from the mind; a new spirit spring up, and we feel the emotions of a heart that swells with love and good will to all. How superior is that sentiment, which not only acknowledges God as our common Father, but makes us realize that we are brethren of the same happy family; destined to one common home, one blissful inheritance. There is perhaps no subject upon which the human mind can dwell, that will mature the thoughts, elevate and refine the feelings, and fit it for all the duties of life, as the subject of God's universal goodness and love to mankind. He whose mind is deeply imbued with this sentiment, will

* John xiii. 15.

always be found among those, who are distinguished for their friendships, and their social qualities, possessing as they do those active principles, which eminently fit them for social and individual enjoyment.

And if among us, there are any who do not feel animated by the spirit of christian love and fellowship, let them be assured that they have not cultivated those feelings which constitute a practical Universalist. For the very tendency of this sentiment is, to break down the narrow barriers which prejudice has reared around us, and to embrace in the arms of our faith the family of man. And if in the remarks which I have made, there is anything that would tend to bring the thoughts to an investigation of this subject, and thereby elevate and refine them; that would make you better and more devoted friends, more attached to social enjoyments, then have I not labored in vain.

Of the female part of my readers, would I most respectfully invite attention to a subject, which in its various relations, knows of no equal. To you it is a subject of peculiar interest. What has elevated you to the station which you now occupy, to the sphere in which you now move, unmolested in its enjoyments? To what are you indebted for all the joys of the social circle, the union of friends, and all the privileges of moral and intellectual culture? What has banished anxieties and fears from your mind in regard to the character of your Heavenly Father, your ultimate destination, and the destination of your own happy circle of friends and acquaintances? If to you there is anything valuable in all these blessings, anything upon which your minds dwell with a peculiar pleasure, let the cause, then, which confers these highest and most ennobling gifts, which inspires the highest degree of gratitude to God, and presents the best hopes and prospects to the mind, receive your cordial and united support. Let every adverse influence receive from you so merited a check, that it may never be said that an evil which you might have prevented, has shaken the pillars upon which rest your brightest hopes and prospects. And may it ever be your desire and will, so long as you are the recipients of these blessings, to extend to others the benefits which you enjoy, and by your example and your means, promote the onward march of truth, of piety, and virtue.

J. G.

Malden, Mass.

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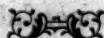
STAR OF HOPE.

Original.

AMID the ills and woes of life,
That here mankind befall,
The wild confusion, endless strife,
The human race enthrall—
How cheering is the brilliant star
Which Hope to man has given,
That gleams in splendor from afar,
And lights his path to heaven.

Its lustre gilds misfortune o'er,
Turns darkness into day;
Imparts a joy unknown before,
The joy of ecstasy.
O may no clouds e'er intervene,
To hide the blissful ray;
But may its beams be always seen,
To cheer the pilgrim's way.

L. L. S.



BREVITY OF THE GOSPELS.

Original.

JOHN xxi. 25: '*And there are also among other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.*'

SUCH is the conclusion of St. John's history of the Savior's life and doings, and like every other part of his record shows his care. One of the peculiarities of this beloved disciple's writings, is a cautious care to prevent misapprehensions; and therefore in very many cases where the Savior made a remark that was liable to be misunderstood by the uncautious reader, he has inserted qualifying and explanatory observations, in order to guard against errors. It may be well to notice some of these instances, as the peculiarity adds greatly to the worth of John's narrative, not only in making it plain, but interesting to the student of scripture.

Thus in the 2d chapter we read; 'The Jews said unto Jesus, What sign showest thou unto us, seeing thou doest these things? Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up.' The Jews misunderstood his reply, and thought he referred to the great temple where they worshipped, and therefore said unto the Savior, 'Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days?' Jesus gave them no reply, but John in making out his record has carefully inserted an observation, thus,—'*But he spake of the temple of his body.*'

Another instance we find in the conversation which Jesus held with his disciples in reference to Lazarus; thus,—'*Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, and I go that I may awake him out of sleep.*'

His disciples did not understand his meaning, and therefore said—'Lord, if he sleep he shall do well.' But Jesus referred not to a calm and refreshing sleep that kindly visits the weary sick one, and lest any reader should make a similar mistake as the disciples, John has written—'Howbeit Jesus spake of his death; but they thought he had spoken of taking rest in sleep.'

Another instance of the same caution is found in the 12th chapter, where it is written that Jesus said—'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.' John explains the same thus—'This he said, signifying what death he should die.' Many other examples might be adduced, but these are sufficient for our purpose, as illustrating the commendable care of John in inserting explanatory and qualifying remarks. vi. 64.—vii. 38. 39.—xiii. 10. 11.—xxi. 18. 19. and xxi. 20—23. In all these passages the same peculiarity is perceived.

The same peculiarity marks our text. He would impress the reader with the fact that the gospel narrative is very brief—but an outline, to be filled up with exceeding cautiousness; and because of this it is highly requisite that the record should be read with studious—very studious care. Shorten in theory, as you may the period of Christ's ministry on earth, and allowing the all-acknowledged activity of his life, it must be evident that the small space his history occupies, cannot contain but a small part of the minutiae of his doings; we have but a rapid outline, and should ever remember this when we peruse the gospels.

The text is an hyperbole, and many instances of like strong expressions are to be found in the sacred writings; as in Numbers xiii. 33. the spies who returned from the land of Canaan, represented that they saw giants of such magnitude that they themselves were as grasshoppers in their sight. In Dan. iv. 11. we read of a tree the height whereof reached unto heaven and the sight thereof unto the end of all the earth. And commentators quote from early Jewish writers such expressions as these,—If the seas were ink, and every reed a pen, and the heavens were parchment, &c. it would not suffice to write all the wisdom which Eleizer was possessed of. So by a like hyperbole it is said by John, that the world would not contain all the books which should be written concerning Jesus' miracles, if a particular and minute account was given of all of them.

It is well that the gospels are thus brief—that our sacred book does not contain the minutiae of every act of our Savior, else we should have a ponderous volume, unwieldy, and whose very size would keep thousands from its perusal. More thought is awakened by the brief outline than would be probably by a more full history; and enough is given to excite in our hearts the most profound reverence and ardent affection toward the Redeemer.

ED.

Haverhill, Mass.



MORAL STRENGTH THE ENERGY OF A NATION.

Original.

ISAIAH xxxiii. 6: '*And wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of salvation.*'

A BAD government and a false religion are somewhat alike, as they both depend on ignorance for support and defence. And as a pure worship is best sustained by an enlightened reason, so is a good government best upheld by a cultivated intellect; for while investigation and intelligence poisons the very life-blood of a tyranny, they serve to purify and cause more vigorously to flow that of a republic, and enable the heart thereof to beat with a more healthy action. The words at the head of this article seem to recognize the union of virtue and intelligence with the prosperity of a good government—they teach the immutable truth, that wisdom and knowledge, or virtuous intelligence, constitute the true strength of a people, and in proportion to its diffusion abroad will be the permanency of the peace, and the advancement in all good of society.

Moral energy must be regarded as the only sustaining power of our free institutions—as the strength of their salvation; wealth and physical force are the creatures of a day, but virtue and intelligence are akin to things of eternity, as they flow from that purity and wisdom that upholds and governs all worlds and beings. It is cheering to the patriot and philanthropist to discover that the illuminating truth, that virtue and intelligence are the best safeguards of a people's rights, is spreading abroad over our land, and though it now has but just arisen from the sea of indifference, and above the hills of ignorance, yet we can discern signs of its gradual march to the mid-day throne, from whence its light shall be shed far and wide to illumine the world of mind.

That state of society is far from being healthy where the ignorant and vicious are on the same footing with the wise and virtuous—where the

varied ranks are caused, not by different degrees of intelligence, integrity and virtue, but by different degrees of wealth; and where riches is a veil to cover vice, and a mask to hide the hideous deformity of licentiousness. And in order to restore such a state of society to health, that some hopes may be entertained that the disease has not yet reached the vitals, we must strive to persuade upon the community the reception of the sentiment of our motto, and cause them to feel the truth that wisdom and knowledge are all the riches that are worthy of homage, and that nobility of mind should be less talked of, and more honored, men be led to respect virtuous intelligence, whether found in the humble cottage or in the gorgeous palace, and alone bow before the light of mind.

When we remember what a powerful ruler in our country public opinion is, we cannot ask for argument to prove the position that wisdom and knowledge should be diffused far and wide; for as that mighty ruler is enlightened, so will be the stability of our good institutions, and the more shall we be freed from the effects of the madness of liberty, and the wild fire of fanaticism. While ignorance is the firmest friend to vice, and knowledge is the truest aid of virtue, while truth is favorable to man and error hurtful, while wisdom calls into exercise the best, and folly the worst qualities of our natures, it can never be advocated with any show of reason that they who labor with the hands should not be enlightened in the mind. And if the millions of dollars thrown away on the heathen of other lands were expended to promote universal education in the land of our affections, what a mighty mass of ignorance would be removed, and how greatly diminished the dark catalogue of crimes!

Some have imagined that the peace of society can be best promoted by preventing the leavening principle of knowledge from entering the mass of the common mind, and feeding the *few* with the rich loaves of wisdom, and the *many* with the un-nourishing, unleavened bread of ignorance. But the truth is against such a folly—'Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of the times,' or the protecting powers of peace. Ignorance in the people impairs the strength of a good government, for the more they know of the fitness of *just laws* to promote the happiness of the whole, the more contented they will be to yield thereunto obedience. If there are any laws that are *unjust*, the sooner they are discovered and repealed the bet-

ter; and if the increased intelligence of the common mind causes such discoveries to be made, then one good at least will be found to have resulted from the diffusion of knowledge.

But it is said that education will make men dissatisfied with their trades, and cause them to be unreasonably ambitious for other stations. Far different, we believe, will be the result of right education, for they will learn that honest labor is a virtue—the first virtue that was practised, as to *dress* and *keep* the garden in which he was placed, was Adam's first duty, and constituted the first trial of his obedience. Labor being recognized as a virtue, and like all other virtues ennobling the obedient, industry will be considered as most honorable, as the principle of life to the improvement of society. To instruct men in their duty, cannot be giving them an incentive to neglect it; nor will the knowledge of their true elevation in society prompt them to despise it; but lead them to cherish a proper self-respect, just notions of the importance of mechanical employment, and correct views concerning its character.

The common remark of education's disqualifying the mechanic for his occupation, contains an implication the most hurtful to truth; for it seems to assert that the admirable mechanism of society of which we so much boast, is a mere dream, that will vanish as soon as men awake from the slumbers of ignorance. But it is not so. The fitness of various orders to promote the good of the whole, is not a dream, but a reality—a heaven-defended truth, and like all other important truths, the more it is known and understood, the more it will be admired and honored. The harmony of human society depends on the correctness of each member's performance; like a well-planned drama, its beauty is marred by the neglect of some towards the parts assigned them; and it is ignorance of the true relation of their parts to the whole—of the duties of their several parts, and of the honor and pleasure that will accrue to themselves by a right performance, that creates confusion in a drama and in society. The apostle Paul admirably used the various members of the human body to illustrate the true principles on which the harmony of society is founded. Says he, 'For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.' 'The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee;

nor, again, the head to the feet, I have no need of you.' Hence we are all 'parts of a stupendous whole.' It is the assistance which we require from one another, the dependance we have on each other for the execution of our plans and the success of our enterprises, that forms the great chain of union, and gives solidity to the social compact.

'For not alike to mortal eye
Is this great scene unveiled. For since the claims
Of social life to different labors urge
The active powers of man, with wise intent,
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decees its province in the common toil.'

Education increases knowledge; opinion is founded on knowledge, and is so far good as it is correctly enlightened; therefore it follows that in order to cause the opinion of the common mind to be good, to be favorable toward the support of a good government, it must be properly enlightened—knowledge must be increased and ignorance diminished. The star that shone over the head of the infant Savior, betokened that his religion was to be propagated by heavenly light—by the candle of the Lord, which is the spirit of man, to whom the Almighty hath given understanding; and the proud emblem of our country teaches the meditative mind a lesson of like instruction, which should be heeded. The EAGLE is a bird of light and liberty, and as she soars for liberty she wings her way towards light, teaching us that if we seek liberty of mind, we must seek for the light of mind; for liberty among men is the offspring of the awakened intellect bursting from the sleep of indifference, and coming forth into the clear sunshine of diffusive knowledge, that shows them their rights, duties, and hopes.

'Perpetual vigilance is the price of freedom.' Sampson lost his invincible locks by a weak hand in an hour of careless slumber; and when he again awoke to his native strength his revenge for lost liberty only involved himself in the general destruction. Let us then beware of that indifference that can make the mighty weak as little children. Our banner also should be an instructor to remind us of heaven, and the reverence due the Creator. Our fathers blended the hues of the morning, noon and evening skies, and adorned their banner with the quenchless stars, that their children might remember that the same power that stretched out the broad canopy of the skies, can alone cause our flag to wave triumphantly. We need the light of divine

wisdom to guide us; and 'happy is that people whose God is the Lord.'

The efforts which are making on every side to improve the minds of the youth, will serve to strengthen the hands of government, and correct the tone of society. By increasing the sources of mental enjoyment, man's natural love of excitement will be happily directed, and the taste for mere sensual gratification lessened. Debates are fruitful sources of useful knowledge; by the interchange and collision of thought the mind gains energy, and becomes enlarged, and one simple remark sometimes opens a vast mine of ideas that otherwise might have been hid in oblivion. The cackling of geese once saved Rome, and a fool's speech is sometimes useful. By submitting our opinions to be thrashed by the flails of criticism, the chaff is separated from the wheat, and we become acquainted with the various arts used to rob the garner house of mind of its most valuable store.

As individuals we should not be deterred from persevering in our pursuit after knowledge by the fact that there are some men who occupy elevated stations in the community who owe their success more to their impudence than to their real merits; and though a bold brow, blushless cheek, and fluent speech, sometimes make up for want of talent, yet we should remember that their success is on no solid and enduring ground—it depends entirely on the weakness of others, and, therefore, must be precarious and liable to vanish in an hour. Success thus gained the good mind wants not; true merit, like the eagle, loves light; false merit, like the owl, loves darkness. And,

'When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.'

As the stars are not clearly seen till the darkness of night hath covered the earth, so the truth will not be clearly demonstrated, that the improvement of the great body of the people is the only hope of salvation from national evil, until the darkness of fearfulness comes—the night of time when our dearest hopes shall be threatened. If, then, we erect obstacles to the general pursuit and diffusion of knowledge, we by the very act sap the foundation of the permanency of our liberties. While a hope lingers in our breasts that the free institutions of our land may not be perishable glories, and sink down into the graves of former republics—while we hope that in after ages our country shall be pre-eminent in the history of nations, we should never be indifferent to

the personal character and qualifications of a candidate for public office. The mists of party should not be permitted to blind our eyes when we look for proofs that our favorite is honest and capable; we should look with a clear eye and steady glance; mark faults, as well as excellences; and then act as sober reason dictates, being willing to sacrifice partiality to principle, and favoritism to the public good.

Let the doors of the temple of political intelligence be thrown wide open—let the press be the messenger of truth, and not of falsehood and abuse—let the avenues to political advancement be fast closed against the ignorant, unprincipled, and vicious; and then the moral energy of our nation will be increased—its glorious institutions more firmly established, and many of the dark clouds that dim the brightness of our country's fame will flee away, and Columbia enjoy a brighter and happier day than she ever yet beheld.

Haverhill, Mass.

ED.



BELIEF IN DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

Original.

A devout belief in the beneficent Providence of God, can alone give that serene content to the mind that is the very essence of human happiness. In vain does man seek for the true spirit of resignation to the evils of his lot—in vain does he strive to throw from him the feelings of discontent at the present state of the moral world—and in vain does he attempt to bend all his nobler powers to the work of reform, without acknowledging the constant and merciful providence of the Deity. It is this acknowledgment that gives life and energy to the highest and noblest efforts of man—that bids him never despair in the work of advancing the moral interests of the race, and prompts him to look forward to the promised time when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, and man be universally the friend of God.

All christians will allow the justness of these observations, and that it is on the providence of the Almighty, that our feeble and dependant race must lean for support and strength. We are often taught in the apostle's words, that God is not far from every one of us, and that in him we live, and move, and have our being. He controls every agent in nature; he holds the winds; the waves obey him; and the lightning and the thunder wait his bidding. There is nothing too

hard for him, and the everlasting God is never weary.

But though we often hear the constant providence of God acknowledged in general terms, yet how often is that acknowledgment clouded by the mists of erroneous doctrines, so that God in this world is but little seen, and his power over the actions of men regarded as small. How few feel the force of the truth that God ruleth in the earth, and how many deny the grand conclusion, that as God reigns, the end must be glorious to all? And bring many of the religious doctrines of our day to the tribunal of reason—let them be carefully examined, and common sense will decide that they oppose the doctrine of the providence of God—they let men loose, free from the overruling control of the higher power, and do not bring them to be under the absolute control and power of the Deity, till a supposed great day of judgment in the unseen and eternal world. Then they are to give account for their *free actions*, and be made to feel that God sits enthroned in mighty majesty and power.

In life we can meet God—the earth is full of the manifestations of his presence, and wherever we may be, if our heart is right, we may feel, enjoy, and be encouraged and comforted by a meeting with the God of heaven. How beautifully has the Psalmist alluded to the universal presence of God: 'Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.'



OBITUARY.

DIED, in New York City, June 9, SARAH ELIZABETH, only daughter of James G. and Mary Ann Dow, aged 13 weeks. 'Blossom of being! seen and gone;' vanished like the snow flake that melts in the sunbeam, pure as it came from heaven. May the rich hopes of christianity comfort the hearts of the parents, and cause them to feel that though few the days of their child's existence

here, yet they saw an angel in the little one, and it has gone home.

'Angels spread their pinions o'er it,
That little pearl which shone
With lustre all its own,
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory hath its birth,
But left the shell on earth.'

NOTICES.

MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION. As this body did not meet till our last No. was nearly through the press, we were not able to notice the doings of the annual session last month. We now must be brief. The annual meeting was held in Boston, June 30th. A large number of delegates were present, and great interest was manifested toward the business of the Association. In the afternoon an excellent sermon was delivered by Br. O. A. Skinner; about 800 scholars from Sabbath Schools in Boston and vicinity, were present, and the singing on the occasion was performed by the children. After the sermon, a very lengthy report was read by the Secretary, Br. T. F. King, which embraced accounts of the state of Sabbath Schools in every part of our state. Those accounts were all of the most encouraging character, and spoke eloquently of the zeal put forth in our denomination towards Sabbath School teaching. May it never grow cold, but increase in warmth, power, and success. In the evening, several able addresses were made on subjects connected with the best interests of our schools. The whole ended much to the satisfaction of all who attended.—The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year; Rev. Hosea Ballou 2d. President—Revs. S. Streeter, Elmer Hewitt, Charles Spear, John Boyden, John G. Adams, Thomas B. Thayer, Vice Presidents—Rev. T. F. King, Secretary—Rev. L. R. Paige, Corresponding Secretary—Rev. J. M. Austin, Treasurer. Mr. B. Reynolds, Mr. A. L. Lincoln, Mr. Abel Tompkins, Rev. S. Cobb, Rev. Henry Bacon, Directors.

NEW WORK. We have the pleasure to announce the issuing of a new work, by the author of '*The Palfreys*,' entitled, '*Ellen Clifford, or the Genius of Reform*,' which sustains the reputation of the author as a writer of beauty, interest and power. Like '*The Palfreys*' it will win for itself the admiration of the reader, and be esteemed, by the intelligent and good, as a production whose influence will be great and beneficial, touching the hearts of many by its pathos, and persuading them to the exercise of their social influence in a judicious manner for the good of the misguided and erring. We thank the authoress for the pleasure we enjoyed from its perusal, but more do we thank her for the good we anticipate it will accomplish in awaking attention to *home influence* in the great work of reform. May the blessing of that God who hath richly endowed her, cause her ever to devote the rare gifts of her mind to the holy cause of religion and virtue, to whom she has thus far consecrated the powers of her soul. Sure we are that from her pen will never come a line which, 'dying, she would wish to blot.'

We commend the new work to the fostering care of the Universalist public in particular, but feel assured that every christian, of whatever name or sect, will admire and commend its sentiments as just.

Published by Abel Tompkins; beautifully printed and neatly bound.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CONVENTION OF UNIVER-

SALISTS held its annual session at Salem, Mass., June 6th and 7th. A large delegation were present, and the number of preachers was near 60. The reports of the state of Universalism in the several counties were generally of a cheering character, and show great cause for thankfulness and renewed zeal. The business of the Convention was too much hurried; and, in our humble judgment, there is in our associations a want of deliberation and cautious proceeding which is very unfavorable to the highest interests of the order. Too little time is appropriated to business. And such should be the christian feeling of candor and charity in the heart of every member that the discussion of any subject whatever should have no power to produce 'a very strong and dangerous excitement,' as our neighbor of the Trumpet states the introduction of the subject of Southern slavery produced. We should be grieved to believe that the discussion of any subject should produce 'a very strong and dangerous excitement' among the professed worshipers of truth, and ardent seekers after the right. And we do not admit that the impression made on the general mind by the declaration of the editor of the Trumpet concerning the debate on slavery is correct. Free discussion can never 'split asunder and ruin' a body bound together by love and truth.

The hospitality of the friends at Salem will long be remembered by the members of the convention.

INSTALLATION IN SALEM, MASS. Br. Matthew H. Smith was installed as pastor of the Universalist church and society in Salem on June 6th. The services, which were very interesting and impressive, were attended by a vast audience. Sermon by Br. Hosea Ballou 2d. May the union thus consummated be one of confidence, affection and esteem, and the abiding blessing of the Lord be on pastor and people.

INSTALLATION AT DOVER, N. H. Br. R. O. Williams was installed pastor of the Universalist society in Dover N. H. on the 23rd of May. There was a full audience in attendance, and the services well suited to the solemnity of the occasion. May the brethren there be knit together by the unity of the spirit and be abundantly encouraged. The Lord bless pastor and people.

INSTALLATION AT MEDFORD. We congratulate the respected friends at Medford on the union solemnized between them and our beloved brother H. Ballou 2d. Being the town wherein our parents reside, it is natural we should have an especial interest in the welfare of the society there. We know they must now prosper, and we are gratified to learn that there has been already an increase of numbers and zeal. They have a pastor whom all must respect, and who is rich in all the qualifications of a useful and worthy minister of Christ. The installation was attended to on June 20th; sermon by Br. L. R. Paige—a sound exposition of the argument from miracles for the divinity of the Savior's mission. May the Lord bless them abundantly.

A VOICE TO YOUTH. This is the title of a new work by Br. John M. Austin, embracing all the duties of the relations of life as particularly relating to the young. The work is composed of a series of articles originally published in the columns of the Magazine and Advocate, and which were much admired for their correctness of sentiment and agreeable style. We very heartily commend the publication to all our friends, and hope it will have an extensive circulation as an instrument of great good. The work is published by Grosh and

Hutchinson, Utica, N. Y. Is for sale at this office. Price 75 cents; pp. 390, 18mo.

ENCOURAGEMENT. We have joys that all know not of, as well as trials; and not of slight value are the welcome words of encouragement our eyes are privileged to greet traced by the tender hand of woman. They give a new warmth to our zeal, for they tell us our labors are appreciated and are promotive of good. In our last, we said trustingly that we should not in vain confide in the generosity of woman, and that our female friends would exert themselves for our success. Since then we have received tangible proofs of the correctness of our assurance, and beg pardon of the author of the letter from which we make the following extract for introducing it into our columns, for it speaks too eloquently in our behalf to be lain silently aside:—"As the fruit of my exertions in behalf of the "Repository," I enclose \$16. I wished to have done more, nor do I yet relinquish every hope of having 20 copies sent to our little village. Surely my soul desires it, and that the influence which it exerts over the few now, may be extended to many, increasing with its age. Every sincere and devoted Universalist will wish success to the periodical that defends the cause so dear to the heart of the followers of Christ and believers in the doctrine of universal salvation. Every woman who believes that doctrine will desire that the hearts of her sisters may be touched by the fire of the devout zeal of the able correspondents of the "Repository," arousing in their minds the spirit of devotion. So long as I have the power I shall be happy to exercise it for the benefit of those to whom I am under so great obligations for their love and interest in the welfare and improvement of my sex. Though I cannot now obtain more subscribers, yet that the number may be increased, and the amount of good in the country augmented, is the sincere wish and prayer of your humble friend and servant. —"

Thanks for her wishes and her prayers. Thanks for her kind exertions. A few such friendly sisters would aid us mightily. We live in hope.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. H. R. is informed that we have not any knowledge of the music he requests us to insert.

We have several articles on hand that must lie over till our next.

PARTICULAR NOTICE. We have received several letters from delinquent subscribers requesting their papers discontinued, without forwarding the pay due for former subscription. Such are most respectfully informed that we shall not stop their papers until all arrearages are paid. It is not just that we should, and we shall be forced to adopt some decisive measures to bring such to a sense of the injustice of withholding our due, as we have trusted simply to their honesty. A man that will subscribe for a periodical like ours who has not the means of payment, or, having the means, designs never to pay, must have the organ of conscientiousness very slightly developed if at all. We should like to see him.

AGAIN; subscribers who have paid their subscriptions, and wish to have their papers discontinued, are requested to send their names with place of residence plainly written. A little care will save us a great deal of trouble. Persons send simply their name, and we have to hunt over our whole book to find it, and perhaps find two or three of same name, and are

in a quandary which is the one. Send your residence as well as name; but, after all, it will be better for you and us to send us another 2 dollars and go on with us another year. Try it, friend.

COPIES OF No. 1. VOL. 7. Agents who have any spare copies of our last number on hand, are particularly requested to return them to this office, if they find it impossible to gain new subscribers. We had rather have paying subscribers than the number certainly; but if we cannot have them we want the number, for we expect before the 6 months are ended to be out of a supply. We hope so at least.

IN PRESS, the proceedings of the late session of the Mass. Sabbath School Association, together with the sermon preached on the occasion, and the report of the secretary. It will make a pamphlet of 36 closely printed pages, uniform with the last year's published report, and afforded at the low price of \$6 per hundred. Every school should be provided with several copies of this work, as it contains not only a most excellent sermon on the advantages of Sabbath Schools, and the qualifications of teachers, but a great mass of information concerning the different manner of conducting the various schools in our order in the State, and the number of pupils and condition of those schools. The friends of religious education will look to it that this work be extensively circulated. Published by Abel Tompkins, to whom orders should be sent.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS. We have many good friends in Charlestown, and cannot but believe that if we had an active agent there, we should have soon a good list of subscribers in that town instead of the very small one we now have. Will our friends recommend to us some one who will act as agent for the work, and show his or her friendship for us and our work by activity for its circulation? We want to send more than we do to Charlestown, for we respect and esteem highly the friends there, and should feel encouraged by their patronage. Shall we hope in vain?

Letters containing remittances received since our last, ending July 2.

P. B. H., North Haverhill, \$2; R. C., Norwich, \$10; A. H. H., Westmoreland, \$8; J. F. C., Perkinsville, \$4; A. D. T., North Searsmont, \$4; C. H., Royalton, \$13; J. C., Cabotville, \$4; H. R. N., Claremont, \$2; P. C., E. Middlebury, \$2; C. G. G., Haverhill, \$6; S. L., Bucksport, \$2; S. B., Sallna, \$5; L. H. Philips, \$5; W. P. W., Randolph, \$2; W. H. C., Shirley Village, \$8; J. C., Cooperstown, \$2; J. O. W., Whiting, \$2; J. E. D., New York, (will he please send to this store for the book?) \$2 25; S. L., Chester, \$12; C. T. C., Madison, \$2; M. B., Homer, \$2; Post Master, Canton, \$8; A. E. Warwick, \$4; W. B. G., Hampstead, \$7; H. L. D., Freeport, \$2; H. S. K., Broad Brook, (settled up to June 1839,) \$2; B. P. B., Middlebury, Ohio, (we accede to his proposition,) \$3; S. B., Plymouth, \$6; M. C., Henrietta, \$2; J. G., Gordonsville, \$5; G. and H., Utica, \$20; I. C., Concord, \$2; S. G., Chili, \$5; G. B., Marlboro', \$4; E. S. O., West Richmond, \$4; J. B., Dudley, \$16; N. C., Galesburgh, \$6; E. G. B., North Yarmouth, \$4; H. R., Potter, \$4; N. C., Comstock, \$6; J. F., Amesbury Mills, \$12; R. H. R., Milton, \$2; T. L., East Chatham, \$2; C. G. G., Haverhill, \$6; E. P. P., New Marlboro', \$6; D. K., Newark, \$10; H. F., Madison, \$2; C. C., Howlett Hill, \$2; J. W. B., Hinsdale, \$10; H. S. K., Broad Brook, \$2; B. F. W., S. Strafford, \$2; W. P. W., Randolph, \$2.

A Sacred Song.

WORDS ORIGINAL.

Allegretto.

1. It comes, it comes! that mel-low ray, To wake the sleeping flower— The an-gel of the

dawning day, With soft e-lec-tric power. And sweet-ly—sweetly now there breathes A

mf fragrance in the cup, And noise-less-ly, from flo-ral wreaths, A perfume go-eth up.

2

And hush—and hush! a holier ray
No mortal eye hath seen,
Comes gliding on its silent way,
An angel too, I ween.
And softly—softly now, that ray
Awakes the sleeping heart—
Its icy fetters break away—
Its midnight chills depart.

3

That ray—that ray is holier far
Than moonlight on the wave;
It comes from Bethlehem's holy star,
Bright-shining o'er the grave.
Though darkly, darkly clouds may sweep
Along the sky of life,
That star will tireless vigils keep,
And smile amid the strife.